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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JULY 1965

The Miracle That Is America / When Faith Is Threatened / Where Karl Marx Was Wrong



Outdoor dressing room in Illinois: Soon the centuries roll away and the quiet countryside becomes a stage for young actors who will reenact stories from the Old Testament. In real life, they're junior-high-school students at Ottawa.

Biblical Drama

in a Pasture



Elijah and Elisha cross the Jordan: "Then Elijah took his mantle, and...struck the water, and the water was parted to the one side and to the other..."



The story of Moses: "Now the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe in the river, and...saw the basket among the reeds and sent her maid to fetch it."

FOR MOST OF the year this pastoral setting is like any other in the Midwest; it basks in spring sunshine amid bird and brook sounds; it is a rolling, grassy green shaded by oak and sycamore, well off a busy highway. But for a few days each June, strange things happen here.

Fire descends from heaven, a bush blazes, and a voice booms out over the Illinois countryside:

"I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

Boys and girls, robed in the manner of the ancients, move along a winding, rock-lined creek; and the creek becomes the River Jordan, or the Nile, as the script demands. Modern chemicals produce the delayed-action fire in the bush, before which Moses cringes; and the hidden voices are made possible by local electronics wizards. The costumes are improvised, but lend a certain authenticity to daily reenactments of favorite Bible stories.

The boys and girls, mostly of junior-high-school age,



As Ruth gleans in the field, she finds favor in the eyes of Boaz, who asks: "Whose maiden is this?"

are pupils in an interdenominational vacation Bible school at Ottawa, Ill. They are making the timeless characters of Old and New Testaments real and meaningful by dramatizing the stories in the open country—where, after all, many Bible events took place.

Robert Taylor Burns of Ottawa, an adult leader who has helped to take the annual Bible school out-of-doors, says the dramas encourage young people to more intensive Bible study. Producing an outdoor drama has its problems, of course, but Mr. Burns says they can be overcome—especially "when you have the power of God, augmented by his flowing waters, magnificent oaks canopied by fleecy clouds and azure skies, undulating hills and valleys, and copious sunshine."

Students assigned parts in a script must prepare themselves by studying their Bibles carefully. While Mr. Burns or another adult occasionally takes a part, the show belongs to the young people.

"If variety is still the spice of life for us oldsters, it's the very essence of achieving success with early teenagers," he says. "They're full of vim, vinegar, and vitality and, if given responsibility, accept it more readily than do adults....The outdoor setting, some nature study, plus play periods and lunchtime, all help make the Bible school memorable for both students and leaders."

The pupils assemble each day at the conclusion of the plays for devotions, conducted by ministers of the participating churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, and United Church of Christ.

"And the congenial owner of this wonderful setting is a Roman Catholic," Mr. Burns adds, stressing that this unusual vacation Bible school has an ecumenical aspect, too.

—H. B. TEETER



The prophets of Baal, challenged by Elijah to call down fire from heaven, "called on the name of Baal from morning until noon saying, 'O Baal, answer us!' But there was no voice and no one answered."



DID ANYONE INVITE HIM TO CHURCH?

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and education.



Church-Family Camping:

Big As All Outdoors

MAN'S AGE-OLD dream of release from long, hard hours of labor, allowing time for more pleasant pursuits, now is within the grasp of millions of Americans. But for many, the realized dream becomes a nightmare of boredom.

Shorter working hours, more holidays, longer vacations, and increased income have brought people with job-centered lives to face the question: What now, Horatio Alger? Families uneducated for the creative use of leisure—one of modern civilization's chief challenges—are in danger of becoming drop-outs from a society with surplus time on its hands. *Creative* is the key word, for it is impossible to kill time, someone has written, without injuring eternity.

Outdoor Exodus: In his quest for satisfying and meaningful recreation, urban man leaves the concrete canyons for the true out-of-doors. With the burgeoning interest in outdoor life, an estimated 30 to 40 million Americans go camping every year.

The camper takes to the woods, not so much to get away from it all as to get back to it all. Removed only a generation or less from life down on

the farm, many adult Americans feel a driving need to reestablish their ties with nature—to get back to the fields, forests, and streams, and the basic process of caring for oneself in a simple outdoor setting where, for some strange reason, water is wetter, the sun more penetrating, and the air breathtakingly pure.

Not only has camping grown, its emphasis has shifted. The most conspicuous and explosive development has been in family camping. Camping once conjured up images of the fishing, hunting he-man and his son, when he came of age. No more. Mother has tamed her fear of snakes and bugs; baby has proved perhaps the most adaptable camper of all; and the senior generation has gone along, too. After all, who can whittle a wooden whistle and tell tales by the campfire better than Grandfather?

The rapid growth of church-family camping, part of the larger camping movement in America, is one of the most significant new areas of Christian education. Increasingly, leaders have discovered the out-of-doors can be a uniquely effective laboratory of Christian living and learning, supplementing experi-

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ences in the home and the church.

There are Methodist campsites in 48 states, including Alaska and Hawaii, and the variety is virtually unlimited. Church camps are being built and expanded so rapidly that to develop an up-to-date directory of facilities is next to impossible. Some are relatively luxurious assembly grounds with air-conditioned cabins, man-made lakes, well-kept gardens, swimming pools, paved trails, baby-sitting facilities, public address systems strung through the woods, and a lighted cross on the hill. Others are simple, rustic areas set aside for tent and trailer camping.

Programming Varies: Many camps have year-round staffs to plan and conduct carefully programmed camping experiences for all age groups of the family. Others are merely places where the church family may retreat, individually or in small groups, for loosely or nonstructured kinds of adventure, recreation, work, relaxation, fellowship, and spiritual enrichment. Last year, more than 150 family camps of various types were reported by annual conferences, districts, and local churches; doubtless, there were many others.

Thousands of church families are tasting the special joys of camping. In this atmosphere, they usually spend more time together than at home, where pressures and different interests pry them apart. Each family member learns that co-operation and teamwork are essential, growing at the same time in resourcefulness and confidence. Family camping brings a realization of dependence on nature's resources along with a sense of independence as the camper finds he can do without the gadgets that clutter home life.

Children respond to family camping with hard-to-contain enthusiasm. City life requires little work of the child, but he becomes an important team member in the out-of-doors—gathering firewood, carrying water, cleaning up the campsite, and even washing his own socks in the lake. Never mind if he watches ants or collects rocks by the hours; nature is a great teacher.

New Directions: The church is showing vigorous imagination in encouraging families to take part in Christian-education-oriented vacations and camping ventures. Among new programs are:

- **Tour Camping and Caravans.** With vacations on wheels becoming more popular, many churches are organizing groups of families to travel a common route. Camping out in tents or travel trailers, they visit Methodist shrines and other points of religious and historical interest as well as scenic spots. Some tour home-mission projects

and church colleges—making the connection church come alive in their experience—and worship in churches along the way.

A growing number of Methodist campsites are setting up special areas apart from their permanent facilities for tent and trailer camping by nearby local churches as well as Methodists from other parts of the United States.

- **Wilderness Camping.** More and more campers, including church-family groups, are trekking far beyond pavement's end into truly wild country by canoe, horseback, or on foot. This summer in Washington State, Methodists will participate in a wilderness family camp in the Olympic Mountain Range. Each family will pack in food, clothing, and camp gear to a remote base camp. From there, led only by one family experienced in wilderness camping, they will climb mountains, explore, hike, and take part in group recreation, worship, and other activities as determined by the camping community.

One member of a Wyoming trail camp will never forget a lakeside altar of a flat rock, a cross of two tree limbs, and Communion elements of grape Kool-Aid and soda crackers.

- **Work Camps.** While the purpose of camping is not generally to do a great deal of work, many Christians derive fellowship and a sense of personal service by combining camping with work projects. Youth and college students have shown work camps to be a promising area for family units. This summer, Oregon Methodists will camp out as they repair and renovate their Dead Indian Soda Spring Camp, which was devastated by rampaging floods in the Pacific Northwest this past spring.

- **Leadership Camps.** Since effective leadership is perhaps the camping movement's greatest need, special attention is being given to training. One example: the first National Methodist Training Session in Family Colony Camping will be held at Asbury Acres Methodist Camp in Wisconsin this summer.

Colony camping, introduced by the National Council of Churches at its Geneva Point Camp in New Hampshire two summers ago, works like this: Four families, with one trained lead family, totaling about 16 persons, come together to camp in tents, hogans, covered wagons, or teepees.

"Church-family camping thrives on flexibility," says Ralph Bugg, Methodist layman and free-lance writer from Atlanta, Ga., whose family will lead one of the experimental colonies at Asbury Acres in August. "The campers establish their own program and schedule and operate largely within their own resources. The youngest to the eldest participate in

planning, activities, and evaluations."

Colony units come together in a larger group for worship and powwow sessions on such topics as parent-child relations, husband-wife communication, and other issues of family life.

Local-Church Trend: Since more church families go camping each summer, the local church has been challenged to develop an absentee ministry that works. Alert pastors and Christian education leaders constantly seek new ways to help families who strike out on their own—whether to spend a weekend at the lake or a full vacation in a national or state park, forest, or wilderness area.

Some churches have set up camping committees which assist families in developing outdoor skills, provide resource material (books, maps, tour guides), and encourage camp worship with devotional helps. In some cases, interested families gather to talk over camping plans together; and some churches arrange for groups to make family-camping excursions.

West Market Street Methodist Church, Greensboro, N.C., believes so strongly in the Christian values of family camping that it rents a wide range of camp gear to members at a modest fee. Not only essentials such as axes, ice chests, and cooking equipment but three foldaway camp trailers and a 16-foot motor boat are among the items available.

Fuzzy Thinking: Countless Methodists find deep spiritual experiences in the beauty and grandeur of God's world and around crackling campfires. But at least one Midwestern pastor, a veteran camper, says he is "troubled by the fuzzy thinking that people find God simply by walking through the woods or looking at the stars. . . . As Christians, we worship God rather than nature. . . . We do not assume that we will discover God simply by being out of doors. But neither can we deny the possibility that God *can* choose nature, as well as any resource, to confront his people."

Realistically, one final fact of family camping must be faced. "We estimate that nearly 2 million Methodists go camping each year," says the Rev. Leon Smith, staff member of the Methodist Board of Education's family-life committee. "But remember this: Not everybody is cut out for camping."

Those who are cut out for it find something so special that most attempts to explain these experiences wind up using religious clichés and travel-brochure adjectives. John Muir, the great naturalist, put it simply:

"Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in where nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul . . ." □

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British Churches' Merger Faces Hour of Decision

"Church unity is like peace," one of the pioneers of today's ecumenical movement commented recently. "We are all for it, but we are not willing to pay the price."

By early summer, the Church of England and British Methodism will decide whether the price is right—and the time ripe—after discussing church union for a decade and considering a specific "Scheme of Union" since 1963.

The Anglican Church, which seems to favor union, made its crucial move when the Canterbury and York dioceses voted on the proposals in May. Three dioceses in northern England—Liverpool, Newcastle, and Bradford—already had voted a strong "yes" for unification.

In February, the Anglican House of Laity overwhelmingly endorsed the plan to reunite with the Methodists who left the state-established church two centuries ago.

The question of maintaining merger momentum now seems to rest with the 34 synods of the British Methodist Conference. Synod delegates, meeting in Plymouth in July, will debate and vote on whether to accept intercommunion with the Anglican Church as a step toward full organic union in the future.

The outcome is by no means certain. By ballot, many delegates will make it clear that they do not intend—to paraphrase the late Mr. Churchill—to preside over what they consider the liquidation of British Methodism.

The "Scheme of Union" being considered is a two-stage proposal. On adoption of stage one, the two churches would enter into full Communion, but retain individual authority, traditions, and modes of worship. In the beginning, probably no earlier than 1970, the denominations would accept obligation to achieve full union in due time, which could easily mean 10 to 30 years.

Stage one would be launched with a "Service of Reconciliation" in which Anglicans and Methodists would join in services to unify their ministries and mutually receive lay people into each other's fellowship. This would open the way to shared Communion, even while the churches existed as parallel bodies.

In addition, certain Methodist ministers would be consecrated as bishops. (British Methodism now has "ruling elders" but neither the "historic episcopate" of Anglicans nor American-type bishops.)

At this point, Methodist reluctance and resistance rises up. Some argue that any such step toward organic

union is clearly unconstitutional under present church law. Others believe that their traditional "open" Communion would eventually be "closed" to members of other nonepiscopal denominations.

While not advocating disestablishment of the Church of England as the official state church, many Methodists oppose union until the crown's authority is repealed or modified. Anglicans themselves hope the new united church would bring reform, since they object to the requirement that prime ministers nominate bishops and that Parliament must authorize changes in church doctrine and forms of worship.

Another fear—one of concern to U.S. Methodists—is that British Methodism as part of the new Church of England gradually might be cut off from existing relationships with other Free Churches in Britain and with world-wide Methodism.

Summing up the reservations of many, one British Methodist theologian says:

"The present merger plan, as I see it, reflects almost exclusively the Anglican position."

British Methodists who favor union hurdle possible future difficulties with a leap of faith. Many feel their church could exert more dynamic spiritual influence on British life as part of the united church. They believe a vow in the "Service of Reconciliation" will be carried out in letter and spirit. It reads:

"In the union of ministries, neither of us wishes to call in question the reality and spiritual effectiveness of the other church. . . . But . . . we wish to share each in the spiritual heritage of the other, and we wish to assure to our united churches a ministry fully accredited in the eyes of all their members and . . . of the church throughout the world."

Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, archbishop of Canterbury, seemed to speak not only for his church but for many British Methodists when he said recently:

"I believe that if it is not possible to secure unity between Anglican and Methodists, it is not possible to achieve Christian unity anywhere. And that is something none of us believe."

Anything Else, Young Man?

Eleanor Cammack, who presides over the vast, joint collection of Methodist and DePauw University archives at Greencastle, Ind., is not easily ruffled even by the most unusual requests for research help.

But she blinked hard, took a deep breath, and went scurrying for the new 64-page archive bibliography she

recently edited when a high-school boy asked help on an ambitious project.

"I am writing a term paper on The Methodist Church. Would you send me complete information on the early church in England and America, the Methodist Church during the Civil War, and the church during the 20th century including World War I and II." The young scholar also asked for "any information on the beliefs of the church today and its future plans."

Council of Bishops Makes Covenant for a New Age

Seventy-four Methodist bishops—the most ever to assemble except at a General Conference—attended the recent Council of Bishops meeting in Houston, Texas. Between four days of business sessions, they wedged in a visit to the city's spectacular Astro-dome stadium.

But the session was historic for other reasons. Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., New Jersey Area, began a one-year term as president of the council. The first Negro to hold the office, Bishop Taylor, 58, is one of 14 children of a Methodist preacher.

He succeeds Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, New York Area, and will be followed in office by Bishop Richard C. Raines, Indiana Area, who was chosen president-designate to serve during 1966-67.

Four new bishops from overseas were present: Bishops John Wesley Shungu of the Congo, Robert F. Lundy of Singapore, A. J. Shaw of Bombay, and P. C. Benjamin Balaram of Lucknow.

Concluding its work, the council adopted a message which called for restyling old strategies and disciplined, bold new approaches to fulfill Methodism's task in the modern world. The statement spoke to several issues.

Viet Nam: "We urge . . . leaders to commit themselves . . . to the conference table and negotiate for understanding and peace with freedom."

Morality: "It has become incredibly easy for responsible people to rationalize away accepted standards of morality as unessential and irrelevant. . . . The people of Christ, through the church, must speak meaningfully to the moral lostness of this age."

Ecumenicity: "Continued communication with other religious bodies is more indispensable now than ever. A united Christian witness is mandatory for our times."

Civil Rights: "We reaffirm our belief in the free and unhampered dignity of every individual, in an inclusive church, and in the God-given



Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., becomes first Negro president of the Methodist Council of Bishops as Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke steps down at Houston meeting.

right of every citizen to have a voice in directing the affairs of his own community and country. We shall do all within our powers to make this faith a reality."

The bishops urged Methodists to study and understand General Conference actions, particularly the Social Creed, and to "seek constructive involvement in the solution of human issues."

In supporting action, the council named a special, seven-member committee on jurisdictional matters. Under Bishop Roy H. Short, Louisville, Ky., the group will study steps to implement further absorption of the Central Jurisdiction.

The formation of this committee and its work, already underway, is interpreted as evidence that the Council of Bishops intends to bring stronger leadership to the task of eliminating the segregated Central Jurisdiction.

One bishop said the council was in general accord that racism is a national and world problem that cannot be solved within a sectional framework, that it cannot be swept under the rug or fenced off in one geographical area. In analogy, another pointed out that the African tsetse fly crosses all boundaries and infects everybody.

Regarding the new spirit at Houston, Bishop T. Otto Nall, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "The bishops stand ready to exercise the pastoral function of the episcopacy in the present racial crisis. The boards and agencies of the church, performing heroic feats, are still several steps removed from the local churches. So are Methodist periodicals and institutions. The Council of Bishops, a symbol of unity, has a special opportunity and obligation to knit churches and conferences together."

In a message to Vatican Council II,

the bishops sent appreciation for hospitality to non-Catholics and expressed hopes that the Roman Catholic body could "further us all in the renovation of the Christian community."

The bishops also issued a special call to the bicentennial of American Methodism, to be observed in Baltimore, Md., April 21-24, 1966.

Delay Desegregation Decision

Determination of what Methodist body holds ultimate authority over regional desegregation within the church has been delayed by the denomination's Judicial Council on request of two petitioning bodies.

Meeting in Evanston in late April to hear arguments on whether this authority rests with the General Conference or the jurisdictional conferences, the council agreed to postpone a decision until its October session.

The postponement was requested jointly by representatives of the Central Jurisdiction and the Southeastern Jurisdiction. Both acted at the behest of the Methodist Council of Bishops which asked more time for additional efforts to reconcile difficulties of further integration before a legal determination is made.

The issue brought to the Judicial

Reaffirm Worship, Membership Rights

Methodism's Judicial Council has reaffirmed that all persons, regardless of race, color, national origin, or economic condition, may attend worship services and are eligible for membership in any local Methodist church. And a member of a local congregation is a member of The Methodist Church anywhere in the connection.

In a recent decision, the council declared that these rights were clearly specified by General Conference enactment of Paragraphs 106.1 and 106.3 [Methodist Discipline] in May, 1964.

The ruling came as the denomination's judicial body declined to hear a question of church law concerning arrests of 34 Negroes and whites turned away from worship services in Jackson, Miss., Methodist churches in 1963 and early 1964.

The issue, raised by a petition for a declaratory decision on whether church law had been different at the time of these arrests, "has become moot," the Judicial Council decision said. "Any ambiguity as to the position of The Methodist Church prior to that date [May, 1964] can no longer affect the work of any board or body of the General Conference."

Another Barrier Falls

As Bob Dylan's folk song suggests, "The times they are a-changing." This truth proved itself anew at the recent meeting of the Consultation on Church Union in Lexington, Ky.

After talking theology for four years, the consultation created a committee to develop "an outline for a possible plan of union." This outline is to be presented to the next consultation on May 2-5, 1966, when The Methodist Church will be host at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

There, delegates from the six participating denominations—Methodist, Episcopal, United Church of Christ, United Presbyterian in the USA, Evangelical United Brethren, and Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ)—will begin to fill in details on a church-union plan that could end their historic separation.

The plan will be guided by a theological consensus reached by delegates at previous meetings held since 1962 in Washington, D.C., Oberlin, Ohio, and Princeton, N.J.

Significantly, the Lexington decision to move toward union came at the same time delegates reached accord on ministerial ordination, a matter which had been considered a major barrier to union. The consultation agreed that ordination in a future church would be shared by bishops, elders (pastors), and laymen, thus fusing the historic Christian episcopate with lay participation.

Mutual acceptance of all existing ministries would be provided in the new church by a corporate act "in which and through which all would offer our existing ministries" to God. This would probably take the form of a service of reconciliation similar to one proposed for the British Methodist-Anglican union.

The breakthrough at Lexington reflected general agreement with one leader who said that church union delayed is church union denied; that if a "truly catholic, truly evangelical, truly reformed" church is ever to be, now is the time to get on with it.

In contrast to the 1964 Princeton meeting, when Methodism was the

victim of negative newspaper reports, this nine-man Methodist delegation projected a strong ecumenical image, typified by Boston Bishop James K. Mathews who told a querulous press conference:

"God wills the unity of his people. We must press forward as far as we can to achieve this."

The urgency of the call to unity was underscored by discussions which revealed how rapidly non-residential ministries are emerging in all six denominations. Parish structures which once gave meaning to denominational life are giving way in some areas to new shapes formed by the world, not by the church.

"Forming a new church is a terrible risk," admitted Presbyterian Dr. Eugene Carson Blake. "The only greater risk is *not* to form one."

Well aware of resistance and lethargy to union in all their denominations, the delegates called on their respective bodies to include unity themes in their program planning.

This planning would pave the way for what once was seen as only an idealistic dream, but which now appears to be inevitable—perhaps, as one delegate put it, "within a decade."

Such an achievement in the near future may seem optimistic when most Protestants are hardly aware that the consultation exists. But, as the Lexington discussions noted, the changing structures of our society demand new patterns of church life.

If, as many sociologists suggest, the denominational pattern flourished in a rural, small-town culture, it may be that our increasingly urbanized existence will call forth a united church, transcending all former barriers. Our present divisions developed historically for reasons pertinent to their origins. Changing times, however, call for changing structures.

In this light, the Consultation on Church Union ceases to be a "propaganda for unity" pressure group, and its members emerge as pioneer planners for a future now rushing in on a divided church.

—JAMES M. WALL

Council, Methodism's "Supreme Court," by the Central and South-eastern Jurisdictions is whether a jurisdictional conference has full authority over determination of mergers of its annual conferences, or whether the General Conference has power to enact legislation to insure the elimination of racially segregated annual conferences.

Rule on Special Session

Delegates to the special session of the Methodist General Conference in 1966 may face three busy days.

The session, scheduled for November 9-11 next year in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, was called by the 1964 General Conference for the purpose of considering a "Plan of Union" for The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches, and to hear a progress report on the elimination of the Central Jurisdiction within The Methodist Church.

The Judicial Council, Methodism's "Supreme Court," was asked recently by the Commission on Entertainment and Program for the General Conference to rule on what matters could come before the session.

The council held that business of the meeting, officially an adjourned session of the 1964 General Conference, "must be confined to matters fairly embraced" within the two matters of church union and the Central Jurisdiction progress report.

The Judicial Council pointed out that while the 1964 meeting clearly intended to limit its business to the items specified, the 1966 session "has plenary authority, subject only to constitutional limitations, to consider and act upon any matter which, under its own rules, it decides appropriate for its consideration."

Though set for three days, "the General Conference itself must determine the length of the 1966 session," the decision continued.

Clarifying a decision made last October regarding delegates to the 1966 special session, the council ruled that "individual delegates have no vested right to serve as such in the adjourned session and may be replaced by the annual conferences which they represent."

Only conferences that have ceased to exist by transferring of all their churches to other conferences—such units as Lexington and Pacific Japanese Provisional—are prevented from having new elections.

Seek Better Racial Climate

A student-to-student invitation to "honest dialogue" toward understanding the racial climate in the South, and an effort to aid southern Negro colleges through a North-South facul-

ty exchange program are new facets of Methodist involvement in improving race relations.

In its *Y'all Come* project, the Mississippi Methodist Student Movement has invited students of any denomination in 825 national colleges to enroll for at least one semester in a Mississippi college or university.

"Hopefully, this could bring an end to misunderstanding, hostility, and self-righteousness," pointed out William McRae, president of the Mississippi MSM, and a junior at Jackson's Methodist-related Millsaps College, which recently announced its desegregation.

In the teacher-exchange program, four church-related Minnesota colleges—among them, Methodist-related Hamline University, St. Paul—will send a professor each to five southern Negro colleges, including Methodist-related Paine College, Augusta, Ga.

The professors will receive salaries from their home institutions. Extra costs will be defrayed by a \$221,000 grant from a St. Paul foundation.

Eight professors from the five Negro colleges will teach part-time at the Minnesota schools and do graduate work at the University of Minnesota.

Crisis Counseling on Upswing

Comforting the suicidal individual by telephone and bolstering the distraught by crisis counseling are two useful methods of today's unconventional evangelism that should be increasingly used by both pastors and trained laymen.

The major purpose of a recent consultation on unconventional evangelism in Chicago was to stimulate local church interest in such pastoral counseling and experimental telephone projects.

Some 70 pastors and laymen from across the nation heard Dr. Alan Walker, noted Australian Methodist pastor and founder of his church's "Life Line" program for the despairing. He said that the phones in his church have scarcely stopped ringing since they were installed in early 1963.

Calling her group "comforters" rather than counselors, Mrs. Claiburne Marburgh of Friends, Miami's volunteer suicide-prevention task force, said, "We talk as long as necessary to people who call. One of our team talked to a girl for six hours without a break."

Dr. Klaus Thomas, pastor-director of Berlin's Crisis Clinic, noted that frigidity problems of both men and women often are the cause of marital desertions and subsequent suicide attempts. Such problems are often rooted in poor Christian education, which portrays the emotional and sensual dimensions of normal life as

"base," somehow suspicious, illegal.

"We must take seriously the nature of the church as a ministering community of laymen," said the Rev. Howard W. Ellis, director of the Department of Unconventional Evangelism, Nashville, Tenn.

In the same vein, Dr. Howard J. Clinebell, Jr., of the American Association of Pastoral Counselors pointed out that an increasing amount of crisis counseling is being undertaken.

Take Over Burma Schools

Seven Methodist schools were among 85 Christian schools in Burma taken over by the Burmese revolutionary government on April 1.

The Methodist English High School of Rangoon, established in 1882, was one of three Methodist institutions in the Rangoon area which was nationalized. One of the largest schools in Burma, it has a student body of more than 4,400 and a staff of 123 teachers. It has been renamed School No. 1 Dagon and is under operation of the education ministry.

The ministry, announcing this move as a first step toward nationalizing all 883 of Burma's private schools, has transferred to the government all rights and assets of the church-related schools, including equipment, buildings, lands, and vehicles. It disclaimed, however, all the schools' debts.

Teachers who were not citizens of Burma, including Catholic nuns and brothers and other missionaries, were asked to leave the new state school premises on the day of takeover.

Debunk Immorality Charges

Clergy and laymen of all faiths over the nation have rallied to denounce accusations that the general atmosphere of this spring's Selma-to-Montgomery march was degenerate and that acts of sexual immorality were brazenly committed.

Alabama Congressman William L. Dickinson had alleged that "drunkenness and sex orgies were the order of the day" on the road to Montgomery, and made other charges. Scores of telegrams and statements from churchmen who participated in the march called the accusations "irresponsible" and "ridiculous."

Nine persons (including a Roman Catholic nun) issued a sworn statement which read, in part: "We who were present in various phases of preparation for and execution of the march . . . saw only evidences of conduct in keeping with the Judeo-Christian ethic."

The signers, representing six denominations, included the Rev. W. Rodney Shaw, representing the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns in Washington, D.C.

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crest to every
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PSALM

A Psalm of David, *
wilderness

O GOD, thou
early will I
soul thirsteth for
longeth for thee
"thirsty land," "with
2 To see "thy
glory, so as I have
the sanctuary.

3 Because thy
is better than life
praise thee.

4 Thus will I
I live: I will lift
in thy name.

5 My soul shall
with "marrow at
my mouth shall
joyful lips:

6 When "I remove
my bed, and me
the night watch

7 Because thou
help, therefore in
thy wings will I

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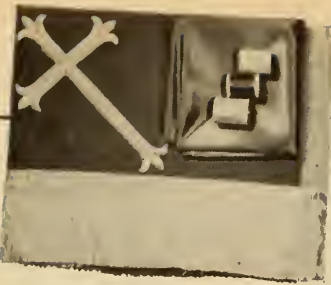
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Bishop Believes Congo 'Ripe' for Evangelism

When Bishop John Wesley Shungu returned recently to his duties in the Congo, he left many American Methodists with changed ideas about that African nation.

The country is not full of pythons and lions, he indicated during his first official visit to the United States as one of Methodism's newest and, at 48, one of its youngest episcopal leaders.

"We are even beginning to have some urban problems and some juvenile delinquency in the cities," he said. "But there is no juvenile delinquency in the tribal villages. People there live disciplined lives."

He feels that Christianity has much to do with this attitude among villagers. In fact, he believes the church is the country's only hope.

"Many non-Christians go to and support the church," he said, "because they see that the Christian influence in the community is good." He believes these people are ripe for evangelism, and estimated that 25 percent of Congolese are now Christian.

The bishop, a lively man with a hearty chuckle, was himself educated in Methodist mission schools, and can speak English, French, and three African languages. Among these are Swahili, with which he can communicate with all tribal groups. Thus, in spite of language and tribal differences, he finds himself well accepted by Christians of all tribes.

Even with a growing emphasis on nationalism in the Congo, most of the people still think tribally rather than nationally, he noted. In his opinion, there is a greater feeling of nationality among Christians than non-Christians. He believes Christian influence has a tendency to break down divisive tribalism and create a wholesome sense of oneness.

The Congolese do not yet know much about the problems outside their own country, the bishop admitted. But the advent of transistor radios and a number of programs in various languages is fast overcoming this lack. For instance, he noted, they are aware of racial problems in the United States:

"They understand that the churches in the U.S. are willing to send them missionaries and money, but that if they came to the United States, the people would not be ready to receive them." He does not believe such a problem would exist in the Congo.

One problem the church is facing in the Congo is that of polygamy. As yet, he sees no solution, though leaders are trying to bring about an understanding of monogamy. Polygamists may attend services, he said,

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SMOKEY'S FRIENDS DON'T PLAY WITH MATCHES!

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but not belong to the church. However, their wives may join.

The greatest need of his country now, the bishop said, is for more missionaries. "Without them the Congo cannot survive."

He soon hopes to transfer missionaries now in the Southern Congo Conference into the Central Congo Conference, from which missionaries were withdrawn during the 1964 upheavals.

But desperately needed are even more missionary doctors, nurses, teachers, agriculturists, technicians, and experts, he said, who can help develop the country's leadership and resources. Some Congolese, he pointed out, have lived their whole lives without seeing a doctor; some schools have only one qualified teacher among a group of earnest helpers.

On the whole, if needed missionaries can be obtained, along with U.S. and Belgian aid against any attempted resurgence of the Congolese rebels, Bishop Shungu feels optimistic about the future of the Congo, and of the 57,000 Congolese Methodists he leads.

"People still have funny ideas about Africa as a wild country," he said. "But it has changed. Personally, the last lion I saw was in a zoo—in the United States."

Lauds New Ceylon Government

The head of the Methodist Church in Ceylon, the Rev. Fred S. de Silva, hails the new government of Prime Minister Dudley Senanayake, saying that the mainly Buddhist country has "cast its vote decisively for democracy and freedom."

Despite the fact that no party won a clear majority in the recent election, which turned out the leftist

government of Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, Mr. de Silva believes that "prospects for a united community in this island are better now than ever before."

The Ceylon church received its independence from the British Methodist Conference last year.

Facts, Figures Do Not Agree

Highland Park Church, Dallas, Texas, with 9,100 members, continues to be the largest Methodist church in the world.

But Methodists ought draw no prideful conclusions about such statistics, declared Highland Park's pastor, Dr. William H. Dickinson, Jr., in a recent sermon.

The depressing fact is, he said, only one half that number attend church regularly, and only one fourth participate in church school.

Christians generally are more concerned with an impressive image, he stated pointedly, than in coming "face to face with the judgment as well as the grace of God in all experiences of life."

To Research Vital Topics

The executive committee of the Methodist Council on World Service and Finance has approved use of \$15,000 in church funds to research five projects ranging from extremism to why Methodists do or do not give.

The research, to be conducted by seminarians and board and agency staff personnel, will include:

- A study of the church and extremist groups.
- Motivation for participation in the life of the church with emphasis on Methodist giving.
- Examination of attitudes toward racially inclusive practices in the church.
- An inquiry into theological beliefs and social characteristics of Methodism.
- A study of factors involved in the church's ministry to Negroes.

The projects are under the auspices of the Interagency Committee on Research, Council on World Service and Finance.

Would Revise Movie Code

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the Los Angeles Area has called for revision of the movie industry's "unrealistic" Motion Picture Production Code.

Movies "ought to have the freedom to deal with life realistically," he declared in the March issue of *The Journal* of the Screen Producers Guild. The code should help determine "what seems within the bounds of good taste."

The bishop would approve a "broad



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CENTURY CLUB

These Methodists, who have passed 100 or more birthdays, join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

- Mrs. Henry D. Schenck, 100, Morristown, N.J.
- Ed River, 100, Bellflower, Mo.
- Mrs. Martha Herron, 100, Maroa, Ill.
- Mrs. Anna Hanson, 103, Muscoda, Wis.
- Mrs. Karl Aldrich, 105, Brock, Nebr.
- Mrs. Anna Small, 100, Valparaiso, Ind.
- Albert H. Gerberich, 101, Bethesda, Md.

When nominating a person for the Century Club, please give present address, birth date, and where the nominee has church membership.

system of classification as guidance for parents who want to know whether a picture would be suitable for the whole family."

He is opposed to outright censorship, having earlier pointed out that the best censor is the box office. [See *Hollywood Has Problems, Too!* July, 1963, page 14.]

Negro Churches Seek Union

Eventual reunion of three Negro Methodist denominations with the parent denomination would be a possibility, if The Methodist Church achieves a goal of "inclusive, nonracial Methodism."

Bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal and African Methodist Episcopal Zion Churches, which withdrew to form new churches in the early 1800s, and the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, established in 1870, expressed this belief recently after discussing plans for unification of their three groups. Target date for formation of the combined new 2.7-million-member church is 1972.

Home to Hong Kong

When Miss Etha M. Nagler returned to the United States in 1960, later to retire to Brooks-Howell Home in Asheville, N.C., she left behind more than 38 years of missionary service in China, Burma, and Hong Kong.

Thoughts of returning to the Orient, even for a visit, were only flights of nostalgia. But it all came true this April—an all-expense-paid trip to Hong Kong. Miss Nagler explains that a friend who visited the Hong Kong pavillion at the New York World's Fair last summer mailed her a travel booklet with a "Win a Free Trip to Hong Kong" contest questionnaire.

She answered several questions and, consulting her copy of an almanac published in Hong Kong, estimated the number of 1964 tourists. Her guess of 365,432, was only 1,370 off the mark.

How did the retired missionary feel when her winner's notice came this spring? "Why I went into orbit!"

Satellite in the Suburbs

Taking a cue from banks and department stores, Grace Methodist Church in the heart of downtown Wilmington, Del., has purchased a suburban site and plans to open a branch operation.

The "satellite" unit will be called Charis House (*charis* is New Testament Greek for grace). Dr. William F. Dunkle, Jr., pastor, says the venture will not be a new church but more likely a kindergarten and youth canteen, offering music programs for



It was Rodeo Week in Phoenix, Ariz., and members of Central Methodist Church observed their eighth annual Pioneer Sunday by donning Western garb and lining up for a chuck-wagon dinner after worship services.

children and weekday study sessions for youngsters and adults.

"Grace Church has no intention of abandoning the central city," stresses Dr. Dunkle. He sees the proposed Charis House as setting an example for other downtown churches of all denominations that find it increasingly difficult to minister to suburban members during the week.

'Tithing Days' at Portales

In a demonstration of unusual stewardship, Mr. and Mrs. David D. Turner yearly observe "Tithing Days" at a department store and an apparel shop they operate in Portales, N.Mex. Ten percent of each cash purchase

is sent to any church the customer wishes.

After the most recent event, checks were distributed to 33 churches, some of them in other states. First Methodist Church in Portales, where the Turners are active, received the largest single check, but Baptist churches benefitted more than any denomination.

Adopting a policy that could drive a busy five-and-ten cent store into quick bankruptcy, the Turners decided \$1 would be the minimum tithe-contribution. One customer's purchase was only 98 cents, but a \$1 check was mailed to his church.

Dave and Rubye Turner, who say they got the idea from an Oklahoma City department store, are planning tithing days for the third year and may extend the practice to two other stores at Lovington and Tucumcari, N.Mex.

Debate Stirs Young-in-Mind

You would hardly think senior citizens, 70 to 94, would get excited about the population explosion or automation. But that is how residents stay young in mind at Bethel Methodist Home, Ossining, N.Y.

A recent series of lectures on subjects of current interest has produced such intense debate among residents that Supt. Daniel Brox was forced to put out the lights to get the debaters to go to bed.

Residents build up intellectual steam by reading about the next lecture topic in newspapers and magazines.

"Never in my experience," said the lecturer, a college professor, "have I ever had a more intelligent and attentive audience."

Methodists in the News

Miss Hulda O. Wegener, a Topeka, Kans., Methodist and a nursing administrator for nine years, is preparing for missionary service as a public health nurse to the Aymara Indians of Bolivia.

Miss Carolyn B. Giannotti, Antioch, Calif., a Methodist student at Sacramento State College, was named a Woodrow Wilson Fellow. She will receive tuition, fees, and \$1,800 living expenses during graduate study as a college teacher.

Methodist J. Oliver Emmerich, Mississippi editor-publisher of the *McComb Enterprise-Journal*, was recently honored by Sigma Delta Chi journalism fraternity. In its annual awards, Editor Emmerich was cited for his calm yet courageous editorials during

racial tension [see *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner*, April, page 3]. His newspaper also won a public service citation for efforts that "brought public support for an honorable and legal course to follow in seeking racial tranquility."

Methodist Robert C. Welling, 21, a senior at West Virginia University, is first recipient of the \$1,000 Ralph Stoddy Fellowship in Journalism, which is to be given annually in honor of the former head of Methodist Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, now retired.

Dr. Samuel L. Meyer, academic vice-president, University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif., has been named president of Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio, effective September 1.

AND SO TO SLEEP...

RIGHT ABOUT NOW, many churches are pulling up the reins after nine months of full, if not frenzied, activity. After a final, labored push to complete vacation Bible school, some education rooms will slumber under gathering dust until the fall. A number of congregations suspend virtually all activity except worship. No more meetings, pot-lucks, study classes, community projects, bazaars, hat sales, calling, and the rest. Teachers and choir members may suddenly drop from sight after service beyond the call of duty. At last we can relax, enjoy ourselves—so people are heard to say. We even can skip Sunday worship now and again without being conscience stricken. Doesn't everybody?

Those who survey this midsummer malaise find plenty of ammunition for acid but highly stylish condemnations. They point out that while a church marks time, men still suffer and die. Or they observe that the money we spend on vacation travel and trivia would feed millions starving around the world. There is, of course, no denying the truth of this. But there is serious question that hanging this millstone of guilt around our necks serves any good purpose. At least, it should not weight us down to the point that we get no values from the vacations we are going to take anyway.

The fact is, summer can be the most creative, meaningful time of the year. This is the season when it is less difficult to achieve true leisure, that much misunderstood attitude of mind. Summer is a time to be nourished by forms of activity or non-activity that are ends in themselves, which have no practical goals or results. It is a time to lay aside our masks and discover ourselves again. For only to the extent we can live within ourselves, know ourselves in depth, can we relate in depth to others. And only as we find, know, and love ourselves do we have something to share.

This idea runs counter to much we have been taught. Our Puritan-based work ethic, for one, helps tie us in knots during moments of leisure. It teaches us that labor toward a specific utilitarian end always is good, while other activity—or lack of it—is valueless, if not downright immoral. Work becomes a cult, sometimes a full-blown religion. We tend to mistrust anything we have not worked hard for, and to measure worth and truth by the amount of effort required of us. The more difficult a thing, the higher we tend to put it on our goodness scale.

"Love your enemy," for example, is regarded as the highest form of love, for it requires the greatest effort. And yet, as St. Thomas Aquinas puts it, "If love were to be so perfect that the difficulty vanished altogether—it would be more meritorious still."

The same should apply to leisure. We should not have to work so hard to enjoy it. On the other hand, leisure is much more than just "having fun." Our

highest knowledge, our deepest insights, come easily and spontaneously. Who can methodically reason his way to true love? No, it is discovered—given, like God's grace. It is not something we can achieve through effort. It is simply there; we need only to accept it.

Contrast this with the usual approach to non-work time. Some work so hard at enjoying themselves that they are exhausted rather than refreshed. You've seen them—the people who schedule every second of a vacation trip months in advance, or who occupy all their nonwork time with terribly practical activities. This is simply another form of work. A certain amount of this is necessary, of course; the lawn does need to be mowed and the house painted. But *always* doing something useful shuts out the possibility of experiencing really creative, re-creational experiences. Christian philosopher Josef Pieper puts it this way:

"Leisure implies an attitude of nonactivity, of inward calm, of silence; it means not being 'busy,' but letting things happen."

It means leaving the reins loose, being open to thought and inspiration. It means opening your mind to the mystery and the wonder of life. And this, says Pieper, is inevitably a celebration of worship. It helps us root our lives in the infinite. Only as we allow wonder can we glimpse deeper knowledge and divine mystery.

In a roundabout way, this bears on churches that mark time all summer. Is it so bad, after all, to stop the merry-go-round that spins us in a big circle most of the year? More often than we care to admit, the full sweep of church activity includes a little bit of everything, but no central sense of identity and mission. We run hard with the group, struggling to keep up. But where are we going?

Summer is the time we can plant our feet firmly on the ground and open our minds first to who we are, and then to where we want to go. It is a time to nourish our private life, simply to *be* instead of always to *do*. But be discreet about it if you want to avoid ridicule. As a British writer observes, sitting behind a garden wall is "an amenity condemned in America for its sinister antigroup significance."

In the long view, developing a healthy self-identity benefits not only ourselves as persons but also our churches. Seen from a perspective, some church activities are inconsequential; a few are ridiculous. Are we burning up energy in wasted motion or in just patting ourselves on the back? Both inside and outside our church walls, desperate needs are not being met. What can we do? What should *you* do?

Perhaps an answer will come this summer—if you let it. Just don't put it on the agenda, or call a meeting to discuss it!

—YOUR EDITORS



The Miracle That Is America

By KARL A. OLSSON, President
North Park College and Theological Seminary
Chicago, Illinois

THE miracle that is America happened to me.

Like many other Americans, I spent my childhood years as an "alien citizen"—born in the United States but reared in another country. When I was nine, my family returned to America. As had thousands of immigrants before us, we cheered as we sailed past the Statue of Liberty and entered the harbor full of ships flying the American flag.

I was overwhelmed by something vast and dirty and noisy called New York City. We went by taxi and by ferry to Jersey City, and at dusk we got on a hulking, sooty train which roared and clattered and moaned through the night.

I was terrified. We had come from a small tidy country with toy trains and doll farms, raked gravel walks and flags fluttering cleanly over red and yellow and white houses, and birches with neat green leaves and bark you could press your face against. I pushed my nose against the grimy pane and looked out upon millions of lights, like the glare of an amusement park with a Ferris wheel turning endlessly against the dark. In my hand I held

a roll of Necco wafers. They had strange, spicy tastes and a sweetness unlike anything I had known, and they were *much*. America was much. Too big and too much.

During the morning and a space into the afternoon, the train rocked through a hundred towns and over endless creeks where the elderberries hung in black clusters. I had never seen such lush foliage. I expected to see alligators on the flat creek bottoms, but there was nothing but the glare of the sun and the elderberries.

There was much snickering when we children walked into school the first day, the girls in tight braids and we boys in European trousers, above the knee and no blousing. In America then, girls wore bobbed hair with geometric bangs, and boys wore knickers that buttoned above the knee and bagged over black cotton stockings. They also wore belted coats and hair brushed back and plastered with water or Stacomb. We were not *with it*, and there was laughter and whispering and some effort to get us to say naughty things we didn't understand. But very soon, in that ample world, the children moved over and made room. We were in.

To begin with, we all were put in first grade. This was excellent, for what we needed to master was American pronunciation. We needed, if we were to be a part of the new world, to speak like natives. And so we struggled with *cat* and *rat*, *jam* and *yam*, *that* and *through* until the subtleties began to soak in. On the side, we were placed under the tutelage of a patient Irish lady who drilled us endlessly. Thus the whole community worked to incorporate us and make us feel that we belonged.

Another surprise, and quite unbelievable, was the Sunday miracle. We had come from a society in which to be religious, especially to be a member of a Free Church, was a stigma. Dissenting Christians, which we were, lived in a sort of ghetto. On Sunday, a handful of children gathered in the chapel for Sunday school, but we were the despised and rejected remnant. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

How we resented being a "little flock"! We didn't care about a kingdom; we just wanted a little acceptance. Instead, we got ridicule or icy ostracism. To be religious in

that society was to be *déclassé*, shut out of the wonderful glittering world of power, wealth, and culture.

On our first Sunday morning in America, one of the neighbors took us to the Presbyterian Sunday school. The street was full of children, all beautifully dressed—and all going to Sunday school! They may have gone with varying motives and a differing degree of zeal, but they were all going. The day of the “little flock” was over. We were accepted on weekdays and we were accepted on Sundays. It was a new world.

I do not mean to suggest that we lived in a classless society. There was the owner of the steelworks, who had a cushioned pew in church, and on the east side of the town there were elegant stone mansions with servants and Pierce-Arrows and electric broughams driven by very old and very wealthy ladies. But this did not intrude in our lower middle-class

world. It did not deprive us of anything we wanted.

In this kind of world, it was impossible to believe that other things could exist. I do not mean dirty things written on walls, the cave where boys and girls went to explore and to laugh guiltily, the thin trickle of rancid language, and the threatening adult world of intrigue and sudden whispers and smiles behind hidden hands. I do not mean that world, for we read the Bible and Luther, and even as children knew what to expect.

I mean the world that yawned on me the afternoon a playmate invited me upstairs and into a clothes closet to view some white vestments and a spectral hood. “My brother,” he hissed, “is a KKK and burns crosses.” In my innocence, I knew nothing about the Ku-Klux Klan until my father told me—with the indignation of a naturalized American—that the KKK hated all Jews and Roman Catholics and particularly Negroes.

Jews I knew little about except that one lived next door and was very kind to us. With Catholics in the flesh we had had no acquaintance—although, like most Lutherans, we had our suspicions. But the Negroes were our friends. We had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the thought that 57 years after the Civil War there should still be people out to get Topsy and Eliza and Uncle Tom was intolerable.

I grew up to learn about other contradictions in this land of freedom and generosity. I began to discover that part of the empathy with which we were received into the American community was related to our Nordic stock. We were blue-eyed and Protestant, sober, thrifty, and energetic. If I experienced the generosity and amplex of America, it was because I had the right religion and was the right race and the right color.

Perhaps this was what underlay the miracle which kept me in college in 1932, when I was out of

*“We cheered as we sailed
past the Statue of Liberty
and entered the harbor
full of ships . . .”*



funds and had nowhere to turn. A lovely lady in my hometown encouraged the local woman's club to give me \$100 from its depleted treasury—for these were depression years. "There are people in this town who believe in you," she said.

Perhaps they did it because I was ritually clean. There has been a lot of evidence piling up to support that view. But I have never quite believed it. For the openness of Americans toward me as a virtual outlander was rooted in something deeper than the desire for reinforcements.

I have seen thousands and thousands of people in America who have been able to look over the constraining walls of their own culture and class and who have transcended the tight egotism of their own immediate interest. And they have done this because of the spirit of America; because, at the roots of their being, they have been nourished by a democracy which the alchemy of this country has brought into being.

I know there are thousands of other Americans who feel that patriotism lies in keeping the fences high, in affirming and adorning the right of exclusion. I know that these people brand as me-tooism and communism a more hospitable view toward the disenfranchised in this and other lands.

I think I understand what they are afraid of: the corruption of values, the loss of initiative, the slackening of moral fiber—a vast unbuttoned world of shiftless slobes who will not work for their daily bread but waste the substance of the country in relief lines and on doorsteps.

I think I know what they mean, but I am still glad that no one talked that way when my father walked off the gangplank in 1902 and when I came as a child 20 years later. There would have been good reason to worry about us, but someone opened the door and let us in.

Because of many people—among them Mr. Edwards, the Presbyterian jeweler who hauled us in his car; Mr. Green, the Jewish banker, who helped us with the first tortuous moments of language; Miss Flynn, the Catholic principal

of the elementary school, who really wanted us to succeed—because of these people who opened when we knocked, I love America. I love her under God without any silly notion that she is that alabaster perfection we sometimes claim her to be.

I know all about the closed doors—the quiet swishing door which excludes the Jew and the slammed door which keeps out the Negro. I think I know, too, about the colonial fantasy—the white church and the unlittered village green—which breeds fury in the bellies of some of our citizens and causes them to stack surplus M-1 rifles in their closets in fear that the United Nations building may be an arsenal of bolshevism and Dwight Eisenhower the head of an international spy ring.

I have some knowledge, also, about the moral flippancy which has gripped some of our people at the other end of the spectrum, the hazardous parleying with pluralism and relativities, the smarty-pants attack upon the sturdy goodness of the Judeo-Christian faith, the flirtation with practical atheism, the cynical yielding to sickness and even to perversion.

ALL these things and many more live under the flag. But I love America because, while she may be full of sins and problems, she worries about them and keeps the light of intelligence and moral seriousness playing on them. Thus, though she is often wrong about many things, she is on target when it really counts.

Because I love her, there is no burden too great to bear for her. Like most Americans, I worry about the national budget, but I have never beefed about my taxes. I don't pay as much as many people, and I suppose that some of what I pay is wasted. But when I think of what my taxes buy to open doors for people around the world and how much is left for me to get fat on, I don't lose any sleep.

And because I love this country and most of the people I know in it, I walk down State Street in Chicago and look into all the infinitely diversified faces—black, white and

yellow, young and old, rich and poor—and I am overwhelmed by the miracle of humanity.

Because I love this country, and because, in its bumbling way it wants decency and justice and more and more open doors for everybody, I have thought it an honor to serve it as a soldier. I was fortunate to serve during World War II because, as wars go, I think it had some clean and simple objectives. It put an end to the nazi psychosis and devilry; it was like lancing a carbuncle.

I don't mean that war is holy and that I was Richard the Lionhearted. I was a very frightened and selfish soldier most of the time, but I was glad to be where I was and nowhere else. And I think I was ready to die for what we were doing. I didn't want to die, and I am glad I didn't, but if *that* had been needed, I would have done it.

I write this as a Christian. I am sure there is a bad patriotism which masks as Christianity, but I think there is a godly love of the land which moves out easily to embrace the world. I would like to say that I don't think I deserve to be an American. For me, being here has always been a gift—God's gift. I want to remain critical and not get softheaded, and I want to keep hammering at all the places where I think we are wrong. But I also want to keep the gratitude and the sense of wonder.

Sunday, August 14, 1922, we arrived in Sharon, Pa. We washed our hands and faces and walked up State Street. The first thing we did was to go into Isaly's Dairy Store. The smell of cold milk and cheese was fresh and exciting.

Then my father bought me my first ice-cream cone. Strawberry. I remember the pink mound—Isaly's filled cones with what looked like a spade, not a rounded scoop, and the sheer quantity was overwhelming. And the taste! I shall not forget until my dying day the cold, sweet tingling of my tongue.

Something tight inside my chest, some fear of being left out, dissolved at that moment. The strawberry ice-cream cone became a secular sacrament which swept me into the marvelous fellowship which is America. □



After the show, Dick and Maria Waters (right) meet theatergoers in the church-sponsored coffeehouse.

Preacher in Greasepaint

Two small Massachusetts congregations, led by their actor-pastor, have turned their churches into summer theaters—and in the process have experienced inner renewal as well as outward thrust.

By CAROL M. DOIG

DICK WATERS insists that he was an unlikely candidate for the ministry. "But after 12 years in the legitimate theater," he says, "I could no longer run from the persistent compulsion that calls men to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Today, visitors to Cape Cod will find the Rev. Richard D. Waters serving Methodist churches at Wellfleet and Eastham as pastor, actor, producer, director, and playwright. And he still finds time to study at Boston University's School of Theology for his bachelor of sacred theology degree.

When he arrived less than two years ago with a new bachelor of arts degree and an idea for a bold evangelistic program, his first job—by no means a simple one—was to convince his parishioners that they should turn their churches into bustling summer theaters.

"Dick did it in a forthright way," says one of them. "He told us it might be a flat failure."

At the same time, however, he described the impact that two small churches might make on vacationers and others who ordinarily would have nothing to do with

the activities of any church group.

After some initial hesitation, the congregations agreed to chuck tradition and give his ideas a try. Soon they were busy—in the Eastham church, pushing out a wall to build a new chancel-stage, and in the Wellfleet church, creating a semi-circular theater in the basement.

Dick lured out-of-town actors for no more than a promise of room and board, and turned local volunteers into near professionals by working them as much as 16 hours a day.

Meanwhile, a group of churchwomen under the direction of

Dick's wife, Maria, studied theology in preparation for running a coffeeshouse, which is open after every performance.

Last fall, at the end of their first season, the congregations voted to make the evangelism program a permanent part of their outreach. And Dick and Maria Waters have been busy answering more than 100 letters from other churchmen who have heard about their work and want to know: "How do you do it?"

For one thing, they have a good geographical center for their effort. The Eastham Methodist Church faces the mid-Cape highway, with its back touching Cape Cod National Seashore. Wellfleet, a few miles north, is an old New England town nestled by the bay, not many miles from Provincetown at the Cape's tip.

Dick Waters' journey here began while he was still outside the church and engaged in full-time professional theater. "I had always been plagued with a secret motivation," he says. "I wanted my work to be relevant to the development of mankind. I wanted the people in the audience to take something home from the theater that would influence and perhaps change their lives."

He began by writing *Jesus, the Son of Man*, a three-act play based on Kahlil Gibran's writings. "I literally forced an unwilling cast into participation," he admits. To add to his problems, the opening had to be postponed when the actor playing Christ came down with pneumonia in the cold, drafty theater. On opening night, they played to a dozen people, and lost two more actors to sickbeds.

"Our Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount," he recalls, "with the suppression of a sneeze as his prime motivation."

The start for the Fisherman's Players wasn't quite that rough. For one thing, the summer climate on Cape Cod doesn't lend itself to pneumonia. And even with limited publicity, the smallest audience was 16. Several times it topped 200.

This year, with their reputation becoming established, the players have scheduled performances Wednesdays through Saturdays—



The congregations dug into their budgets to build a chancel-stage at Eastham (above), and a basement theater in Wellfleet.

two nights at Wellfleet and two nights at Eastham each week. On the program are Dick's modern adaptation of Goethe's *Faust* and his *Plight of the Green Man*, which uses green and white to point up the absurdity of racial prejudice.

Dick is a workhorse who expects nothing short of perfection from himself and his co-workers. "The highest artistic standard is our goal," he tells them, "because nothing can be communicated by a bad play."

"Let's face it," he says, "we have a lot of bathrobe drama to live down. If we're going to ask the public to pay \$2 a seat, and to go to a church to do it, we have to have something worth seeing."

During the summer, the neat, white Wellfleet parsonage—usually inhabited by Dick and Maria, their three sons, and Dick's mother—is overrun by cast members. Some of the out-of-towners bunk there, and anywhere from a dozen to 30 are likely to turn up for meals.

They are a curiously diverse group. "We don't ask that the people involved be Christians," Dick explains, "nor do we attempt to proselytize them. We work together to perfect the art which gives us a common language, and we witness

to what we are. If this isn't enough, we let it go at that. And we are always willing to learn from them."

Within the two churches, a reawakening has been taking place. Henry Carlson, Wellfleet's undertaker, recalls:

"Before Dick came, the church was dying. If 30 people came on Sunday, we were lucky. Now, if there are as few as 100, there's something wrong. People who never even thought of going to church before are coming and working because of Dick and Maria and their enthusiasm."

"There are a few who resent it," Mr. Carlson adds, "but the congregation for the most part has come to life."

A few are directly involved in the drama group, larger numbers in the coffeeshouse. Many of the men are craftsmen, and they have pitched in to help with construction chores. But it's even broader than that; the drama program seems to have served as a catalyst for all kinds of Christian study and outreach.

"I'm struggling for renewal from within the organized structure of the church rather than from without," Dick says. "I don't believe we have to be so hamstrung by tradi-

tional organizational ties that we can no longer be relevant to the age in which we live."

Every church activity, he believes, should be a source of growth to the congregation as well as an opportunity for witness to those the church hopes to reach.

This emphasis on growth and witness is central to the coffee-house, where the audience is invited to talk back to the east.

"The operation is primitive," says Dick, "yet it has been rewarding beyond all ability to explain. New avenues of communication have been established, and many of those who had only disdain for the organized church have looked at us with renewed interest. We're doing something important, and they can sense the vitality of it."

Those who serve in the coffee-house are asked to attend study courses and to spend time in prayer and preparation beforehand. Each visitor who enters is prayed for, though he doesn't know it. The members of the staff have no definite plan of action; they don't begin conversation on religious issues. They simply serve the guests and are ready to engage in conversation if the opportunity occurs.

Financially, the churches have cleared the hurdles so far. If the program doesn't pay for itself, the two churches will have to stand the loss. If they make any money, the church budgets won't benefit. Profits made by the acting company are designated for extending the facilities and carrying the plays to other areas. All coffeehouse proceeds are given to mission projects beyond the local church.

"A Cape Cod church, by virtue of its geography, has a mission field at its doorstep," says Dick. "Needless to say, evangelism through drama will not work everywhere. My churches are using it because we have the know-how, but other motivations can be found by other churches.

"We aren't just another social organization; we have a life-giving Gospel to communicate. Our task is to touch lives, to challenge man to the noblest within him, and to lead where peace on earth and brotherhood of man are more than just pious dreams." □



She looked him over. "Go down to the river and wash," she ordered.

Grandma's Tramp

IT WAS a lazy summer afternoon in 1897. Grandma, alone and busy in her Iowa farm home, suddenly heard the dog barking—and a man shouting for help. She rushed outside. There was her pet, his teeth clamped on the trousers of a young—and very dirty—tramp. As Grandma called off the hound, the frightened hobo stammered, "All I wanted was something to eat." Grandma looked him over: tattered clothes, unwashed hands, sun-browned face. Then she announced: "Nobody ever ate in this house as dirty as you are. Go down to the river and wash yourself. I'll see what I can find."

A short time later, the tramp was back—clean. True to her word, Grandma fed him. His hunger allayed, the man then made a second request—to sleep in the barn. By that time Grandpa had returned home—and he refused. But, he added, he thought the women folk could fix a place in the house if the man wanted to stay a few days and work.

The tramp readily agreed. What he didn't know was that he was expected to accompany the family to a revival meeting each night. The first night he objected; after that, he was the first one ready to leave the house each evening. Once, when the family couldn't go, he walked two

miles to attend. And when he left the farm a week later, Grandma's Tramp—for that was what the family called him—had some money and clean clothes.

Those same revival meetings also attracted Grandma's grandson, Jay. He entered the ministry, eventually became a district superintendent, and, as fate would have it, was called to visit Omaha, Nebr., in 1917. There, on the street one day, a stranger approached him. "I'll bet you don't recognize me," the stranger said. Jay shook his head.

"Well," the stranger smiled, "I'm Grandma's Tramp."

Jay couldn't believe it. This well-dressed man, bearing the marks of education and culture, was the dirty, ragged tramp who had come begging for food 20 years earlier!

"That's my daughter over there." The onetime tramp pointed to a young girl waiting on the other side of the street. "I want to introduce you." As they walked toward the girl, Jay asked his companion's occupation. "I'm pastor of a church here in Omaha," the man smiled.

Then Jay understood. Grandma's open heart—and her leading that young man to that first revival meeting—had put him on the path that led straight to the ministry.

—J. S. ELLIS

COURAGE

By MARK TWAIN

THE GROWTH of courage in the pilothouse is steady all the time, but it does not reach a high and satisfactory condition until some time after the young pilot has been "standing his own watch" alone and under the staggering weight of all the responsibilities connected with the position.

When an apprentice has become pretty thoroughly acquainted with the river, he goes clattering along so fearlessly with his steamboat, night or day, that he presently begins to imagine that it is his courage that animates him; but the first time the pilot steps out and leaves him to his own devices he finds out it was the other man's. He discovers that the article has been left out of his own cargo altogether. The whole river is bristling with exigencies in a moment; he is not prepared for them; he does not know how to meet them; all his knowledge forsakes him; and within 15 minutes he is as white as a sheet and scared almost to death.

Therefore, pilots wisely train these cubs by various strategic tricks to look danger in the face a little more calmly. A favorite way of theirs is to play a friendly swindle upon the candidate.

Mr. Bixby served me in this fashion once, and for years afterward I used to blush, even in my sleep, when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day. Mr. Bixby seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine tenths of the watch, and collect the wages.

The lower river was about bank-full, and if anybody had questioned



"Starboard lead there! And quick about it!"

I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other . . .

my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the daytime, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation.

Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above Island 66, brim full of self-conceit and nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. Bixby said:

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One couldn't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this perfectly well.

"Know how to run it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

New Jersey Area

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Joins Missions Staff

Dr. Ernest W. Lee of Haddon Heights, treasurer of the Southern New Jersey Conference, has been named a director of church extension of the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions.

The announcement was made by Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., of the New Jersey Area and the Rev. J. Edward Carothers, associate general secretary of the Board of Missions with responsibility for the National Division.

Dr. Lee will have responsibility for the division in its church extension work in the 12-state Northeastern Jurisdiction. He will help to develop new Methodist congregations and will help to determine when loans should be made to Methodist churches for building purposes, and in what amount.

Dr. Lee succeeds the Rev. Albert S. Adams of Collingswood who has been transferred to the newly created post of director of missions and provisional conferences in the National Division. Both Dr. Lee and Mr. Adams are members of the Southern New Jersey Conference.

A native of Painted Post, N.Y., Dr. Lee is a graduate of Taylor University, Upland, Ind.; Drew University Theological Seminary, and Temple University School of Theology, Philadelphia. He received the honorary D.D. from Taylor.



Dr. Ernest W. Lee



For the Board of Missions: A special offering of \$3,800.

Ridgewood Church Looks Outward

While building for itself, this church also builds for others. Mrs. Werner G. Jensh, second from right, chairman of the commission on missions of First Church, Ridgewood, presents a check for \$3,800 to Dr. Karl Quimby of the Methodist Board of Missions.

The money represents the receipts from a special offering taken by the Ridgewood church for church extension work overseas. Part of the funds will be used to build a new church for a Methodist congregation in Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia), and part for a church to house a Methodist congregation near Calcutta, India.

The Ridgewood church is building a new million-dollar-plus plant to replace its present inadequate and outmoded building. The mission-minded members decided that while doing so much to provide new facilities for themselves, they wanted to do something for fellow Methodists overseas. Hence the special offering and the resulting \$3,800. The money was given to the World Division of the Board of Missions in the form of an Advance Special.

Dr. Quimby, who has long been affiliated with the Ridgewood church, received the gift on behalf of the board. He was a staff member of the board for about 20 years before retirement. Looking on while the check is being given by Mrs. Jensh to Dr. Quimby are the Rev. Elmer B. Bostock, pastor, and Mrs. Gwen Jones,

a member of the commission on missions.

On the table is a model of the new Ridgewood church building. The offering was received by youth of the church, dressed in African and Indian garb.

Imaginative Audio-Visual Program in Use at Nutley

The use of audio-visuals as an effective tool of Christian Education has recently taken a sharp rise at Vincent Church, Nutley. Sensing a growing need in this area, the commission on education turned the job over to Leslie Marks, an electronics lab technician with Westinghouse, who organized the audio-visual committee in October, 1964.

As a result, a new audio-visual equipment room was built from waste space. An audio line was installed to permit the tape recording of sermons and music and a system was set up to insure that teachers will have the equipment they want when they need it.

At the fourth quarterly conference in March, an attractive catalog was compiled with the help of Miss Mildred Lampson, director of Christian education. It lists every piece of audio-visual material owned by Vincent Church and features a brief resume of each of the more than 80 filmstrips in the library. It will be updated through supplements as new films are added.

Making Your Run Count

In a recent baseball game one of the star players hit the ball for a home run. The fans cheered loudly as he made his unbroken run to first, second, and third base and then to home. He demonstrated great skill as a batter; he had drawn great excitement from the crowd and he was winning for himself a name—except for one slight error. He did not touch third base!

The umpire exclaimed, "That run does not count."

Isn't this an interesting relation of what is happening daily in the lives of so many of us in the game of life? It demonstrates how possible it is to be a good player; to be somewhat spectacular in what we do and to carry the admiration and frequently the active support of crowds of people without making our lives significant. We hit the ball and make the run but ignore the bases; and every base counts.

Take for example a minister who is an eloquent preacher and a good organizer but who does not have the art of getting along with people. He may be congratulated on his sermons and may gather support for his program but it is not likely that he will achieve much in the realm of Christian fellowship and understanding.

Most of us know people who are winsome and who are very nice people to be around who are very unreliable. They cannot be depended upon to take a stand for anything or to be responsible for anything. Consequently they do not make their lives count significantly. One could go on with a multiplicity of examples to illustrate the point. In the game of life we should not be concerned about the grandstand plays but we should be concerned whether the run adds up to anything worthwhile. Touch every base and your run will have meaning and purpose.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.



Stanhope Church Builds Addition

The Stanhope Methodist Church in the Glen in Netcong is building a new education unit and making major renovations to the present structure.

The new building will house the Sunday school, church office, pastor's study, nursery, three choir and all-purpose rooms, four rest rooms, and a modern kitchen. Renovations will transform the present fellowship hall into a modern assembly room with stage and facilities for all types of programs. The present kitchen will become a new Sunday-school office. The present choir room will become a sacristy.

The new project will cost \$130,000, which the local congregation is financing through gifts from its members and friends.

Pictured in the front row of the photo above are, left to right: Mrs. Harold Kyle; Prescott Stearns, chairman of the building committee; Millard Best, president of the trustees; Dr. James A. Richards, the pastor; Mrs. George Parliment, and John Poukish.

In the second row, left to right are: Frank Popelka, Robert Schultz, Albert Nelson, Jr., William Oneal, Jr., and Augustus Lozier.

Bishop Taylor Speaks at Goodwill Ceremony

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., was the keynote speaker at the Goodwill Industries of New Jersey, Inc., annual dinner and meeting held at the Roselle Park Community Methodist Church. The bishop's address was aimed at the *Churches Social Responsibility*.

The Hon. George Wallhauser of Morrow Memorial Church in Maplewood, a former congressman, was master of ceremonies.

Dr. Karl K. Quimby of Ridgewood, long time board member and supporter of Goodwill Industries, received the "Goodwill Man of the Year Award." Dr. Quimby has been a pastor and district superintendent of the Northern New Jersey Conference for many years. In recent years, before his retirement, Dr. Quimby was associated with the American Bible Society.

Mrs. Raoul Bell of Maplewood was selected "Woman of the Year" for her outstanding work for Goodwill Industries through the Morrow Memorial Church.

Dona Marie Smith of Jersey City, received the Goodwill Industries "Handicapped Employee of the Year Award."

During 1964 Goodwill Industries employed and trained 193 persons and paid more than \$222,000 in wages. Located in Jersey City, Goodwill Industries of New Jersey, Inc., is an official agency of the Northern New Jersey Conference.

W. Norman Zippler is president of the board of trustees and Joseph Loudermilk is executive director.

Marlton Church Consecrated

The new Marlton Methodist Church was consecrated by Bishop Prince Albert Taylor, Jr. in special services on Sunday morning, May 23, at 11 a.m.

The structure, which was occupied Good Friday of last year, cost \$125,000. The Tomlinson Mansion which was located on the lot when purchased, has been renovated by the men of the church and now is used as the educational unit.

Correction, Please!

Contained in the June message of Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., there is a line in the third paragraph which reads, "They spend much of their time and energy pointing out what is right with democracy." This line should read, "They *should* spend much of their time and energy pointing out what is right with democracy."

We are sorry for this error which distorted the meaning.

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TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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Drama in Convocation

Cry Dawn in Babylon, a drama enacted by the Chancel Players of Montclair, was part of the three-day program of the Christian vocations convocation sponsored by the Northern New Jersey Conference Board of Education and Commission on Christian Vocations at Chatham Church.

About 200 youth and adults attended. Persons engaged in various church-related professions described their activities in the fields of pastoral ministry, Christian education, hospitals and homes and missions. A *What's My Lane* panel program was included. The field of music was not to be left out for there was an organ recital including music of the last 300 years arranged according to the Christian year.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr. spoke to the youth on the decision of a lifetime vocation and later to the adults on the low number of people answering the call to serve in the church.

Arrangements had been made for the youth to stay at the homes of Methodist members in Chatham, Livingston, Madison, Morristown, New Providence, Springfield, Summit, and Union Village.

High Bridge Consecrates New Education Section



High Bridge Church members achieved a thrilling moment in their lives when their education wing was consecrated and the cornerstone laid. Their old fellowship hall was completely rebuilt and arranged into classrooms.

This is the culmination of a two year program of repair and renovation which also included the installation of a new organ, new choir stalls and pulpit furniture, and redecoration of the sanctuary.

The Rev. Matthew V. Labriola, assisted by John S. Young, chairman of the building committee, rendered outstanding service in directing this program. Mr. Young is shown receiving the trowel from District Superintendent Harry W. Goodrich, as Mr. Labriola looks on.



Capsules of information announce a narcotics education program.

Narcotics Education in Plainfield

Members of the congregation of the First Methodist Church, Plainfield, were handed "dope" as they left the church after services. Announcements, wrapped in capsules, were given out by young people to announce a special project of dope education entitled *Narcotics and You*.

The project, sponsored by the commissions of education and social concerns, was held beginning April 25 with a speaker from Narcotics Anonymous who talked on the subject, *I Was an Addict*. He addressed the Forum and Co-Wed groups and also the Senior High Fellowship.

On May 1, *Narcotics and the World—International Problems in Drugs*, was studied on a youth field trip to the United Nations and the Treasury Department Museum in New York.

The Methodist Youth Fellowship heard about *Narcotics and the Law* and there was an adult field trip to the narcotics ward in Bellevue Hospital New York.

The project concluded with a program

featuring a member of the narcotics division of the Treasury Department who spoke on *Addiction: Our Christian Responsibility*.

Films of the field trips were shown.

In the picture above, the Rev. Kenneth Hampson, assistant minister, stands at the left as Bruce Ryno offers capsules to Mrs. Albert Ryno and to Harold Kuffner.

War on Poverty Discussed

Westfield Church was the scene of the annual General Assembly of the New Jersey Council of Churches. The consideration of the church's involvement in the War on Poverty was the discussion of the major part of the afternoon.

At the dinner meeting the Rev. William A. Norgren, director of faith and order studies of the National Council of Churches and an observer of the Vatican Council, spoke on the topic, *A Protestant View of the Vatican Council*. The Rev. Francis M. Keating, S.J., professor of theology at St. Peter's College in Jersey City, responded from the Roman Catholic viewpoint.

Martinsville Church Grows

More than 200 persons witnessed the ground-breaking ceremonies for a new \$155,000 sanctuary and Sunday-school facility for the Martinsville Church.

Expected to be completed late this year, the sanctuary will seat more than 250 persons. There will be six Sunday school rooms, an infant care unit, a library, a church parlor, a choir room and church offices.

Participants in the ceremonies were the Rev. Carl Kearns, pastor; the Rev. Harry Goodrich, Southern District superintendent; Robert Dunbar, chairman of the official board; and George Howard, lay leader.

New Lodge Authorized For Conference Center

A contract for the construction of a new winterized staff lodge at Conference Center has been approved.

The \$43,641 building is a modified T and will include three rooms for sleeping in each wing, accommodating 14 people. A lounge, with fireplace, will be central to the wings. One wing will include a utility room and toilets, the other a kitchen and toilets.

The building, which is scheduled to be completed in August, will be ready for fall reservations. It provides quarters so that the Conference Center can be used year-round for small groups.



Bishop Taylor and pastors accept 42 young people into church membership.

42 Confirmed at Newark's Trinity

One of Northern New Jersey's largest membership classes, numbering 42 young people, were confirmed on Palm Sunday at the altar of their church, Trinity in Newark, by Bishop Taylor. The Rev. Paul N. Jewett, pastor, and the Rev. Kim Jefferson, minister of community relations, assisted in the ritual.

The training included five months of instruction by the pastor, with adult helpers; preparatory vows on entering the class; baptism of 20 candidates; preconfirmation Communion, and a post-Easter

field trip to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Interchurch Center, Riverside Church, and Central Park.

Other features of the day included the bishop's sermon, a reception following worship, and hotel dinner with a score of laymen.

Youth Discuss Concerns

The bi-annual Youth School of Christian Social Concerns, sponsored jointly by the Methodist Fellowship and the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the Southern New Jersey Conference was held Friday and Saturday, May 21-22 at the Ocean City Church. Meals and housing were at The Whitehall.

The Rev. Walter A. Quigg was the director and the Rev. Clarence Conover, registrar.

Classes dealt with youth's concern in the following areas: *Christian Youth Faces the Problems of Alcohol*, *Christian Youth Faces the Problems of Human Relations*, and *Christian Youth Faces World Affairs*.

Adult leaders who took part in the program were: Dr. Herman Will, General Board of Christian Social Concerns, Division of Peace and World Order; Josue Dizon, seminar coordinator, Methodist Office for the United Nations; the Rev. George Lewis, Council on Alcohol Problems (New Jersey), and representative from the State Division on Civil Rights.

Study Book to Get Wide Use

My Christian Witness in Today's World, the study book used by Methodist Men in connection with their national conference, is also available as a local church resource.

News From Drew

Alumni from across the country attended the homecoming of the College of Liberal Arts at Drew during Commencement weekend, June 4-5. An informal get-together was held on Friday evening at the Suburban Hotel in Summit.

Saturday, reunions were held for the classes of 1935, 1940, 1945, 1950, 1955, 1959, and 1960 at the University Center and various restaurants in the area. The alumni also toured the campus and the university's new retreat center, Little Brook Farm in Bernardsville, where they were welcomed by Dr. James A. McClintock, acting dean of the college. Saturday evening at a dinner in University Center, alumni awards in the arts and sciences were presented.

• Dr. David L. Miller, assistant professor of religion in the College of Liberal Arts at Drew University gave a series of lectures on the relationship of modern drama to the Christian faith at the First Methodist Church of Schenectady, N.Y., from May 14-16. In his lectures Dr. Miller discussed the works of Brecht, Pirandello, Beckett, Pinter, and Albee and ended the series with a study of theology, psychology, and modern drama.

• Dr. Louise F. Bush, associate professor of zoology at Drew University, has been chosen by the Friends University Alumni Association to receive the Distinguished Alumni Award this year. The award is given to alumni who have made distinctive achievements in their fields and have contributed to society in general and is the highest honor given to an alumnus by Friends University.

• Dr. Harold A. Bosley, pastor of Christ Church, New York City, has been elected to the board of trustees of Drew University.

• Dr. Carl Michalson was featured throughout the month of May on the weekly series of half-hour television programs entitled *For Thou Art With Me*, WABC-TV, Channel 7.

Dr. Michalson, professor of systematic theology, spoke on five topics under the general theme of *Faith at the Fringe*.

• Dr. Will Herberg spoke at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., April 15, on *Business Enterprise in Moral Perspective*, as the Vawter Lecturer on Business and Society. Professor of philosophy and culture at Drew University in both the theological and graduate schools, and a noted writer on philosophical, theological, social, and political questions, Dr. Herberg has expressed interest in the business world, businessmen and their relation to religion in his writings.

• A new faculty appointment made by Dr. James McClintock, acting dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Drew University is that of Dr. John Copeland, as associate professor of philosophy.

Dr. Copeland was introduced to the Drew community on April 29 when he delivered the annual lecture for the New Jersey Alpha chapter of Phi Sigma Tau, national honor fraternity in philosophy.

Inter-Racial Activities Held By Roselle Churches

Three Methodist churches in Roselle, one of them A.M.E., have been holding an increasing group of activities across interracial lines.

Last fall, the high school youth fellowships of St. Paul's Church, Wesley Church, and Heard Memorial A.M.E. Church held a weekend retreat at Camp Morris with the themes centering on *What Can I Do for Christ—in My Church, With Other Churches, in My Community*. Over 50 youth, accompanied by their counselors and ministers, participated.

Recently, the three churches have also participated in a six-week study of Mark, and presented a variety show with the theme *Getting to Know You*. St. Paul's Church and Heard Memorial Church have also held a two-Sunday interchange, with both congregations worshipping together as one for consecutive Sundays, first in the one church, then the other.

The Rev. Curt Garrett is pastor at St. Paul's Church and the Rev. Hugh J. McNelly at Wesley, and the Rev. Leon Gipson at Heard Memorial.



READER'S CHOICE

MARK TWAIN is regarded as the most characteristic American writer of his time. His humorous accounts of the character and manners of life in the pioneering epoch are classics. Among many readers who have nominated passages from Twain for *Reader's Choice*, Mrs. James Coates of New York chose *Courage*, an excerpt from Chapter 13 of *Life on the Mississippi*. TOGETHER pays \$25 for *Reader's Choice* nominations selected for publication. Articles nominated should be at least five years old, and between 800 and 3,000 words in length.—EDITORS

"How much water is there in it?"
"Well, that is an odd question. I couldn't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. Bixby was expecting. He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. Bixby, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the forecandle with some mysterious instructions to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. Bixby went into hiding behind a smokestack where he could observe results.

Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had 15 or 20 people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across, the captain glanced aloft to me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice:

"Where is Mr. Bixby?"

"Gone below, sir."

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself.

Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together: "Starboard lead there! And quick about it!" This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsmen's sepulchral cry:

"D-e-e-p four!" Deep four is a

bottomless crossing! The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarterless-three! Half twain!"

This was frightful! I seized the bell rope and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain! Quarter twain! Mark twain!"

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

"Quarter-less-twain! Nine-and-a-half!"

We were drawing nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking tube and shouted to the engineer:

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her! Quick, Ben! Oh, back the immortal soul out of her!"

I heard the door close gently. I looked around, and there stood Mr. Bixby, smiling, a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a thunder-gust of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat on her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said:

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, wasn't it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of how I was fool enough to heave the lead at the head of 66."

"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Didn't you know there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"Very well, then, you shouldn't have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That isn't going to help matters any."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!" □

Reprinted from Life on the Mississippi by Mark Twain by permission of the publishers, Harper & Row.—EDITORS.

Making Christian Decisions ...on the Job

This spring we brought together five prominent Pittsburgh-area laymen, each successful in his chosen profession, to discuss decision-making. In two hours, they unzipped many areas of concern to each of us. How does one apply Christian principles in daily life and work? Are Christian ethics compatible with good business practices? Here are their freewheeling comments.

THE FIVE met in Smithfield Street Methodist Church. The main theme to be discussed was stated briefly by David W. Craig, who was moderator of the panel. Then he opened the conversation, which was tape-recorded, with a question:

Craig: A recent study indicated that top executives tend to make their best decisions within about 10 seconds of being presented with the question. Do you agree?

Otto: Almost invariably a wrong decision can be traced back to lack of direction upon which to base the decision. The whole corporate objective is not kept in mind. The decision maker should be familiar enough with all policy that he can immediately take all factors into account—subconsciously—in making a right decision.

Cunningham: We cannot just make snap decisions, of course. We have to weigh and consider all the evidence, after gathering the facts. Once we have them, the decision should be based upon our own experience and analysis as to just what is the right thing to do. The difficulty comes when we begin to listen to all the voices we hear around us.

Hickman: I come out about where Mr. Cunningham does. Our people nearly always make decisions on the basis of position papers. We have staff people research the problems in every way possible. Then we read their papers or discuss the matter and try to obtain a consensus of top management. Of course, it is relatively easier to see where you ought to be going, on the basis of your studies, than it is to get there. When you change the status quo, you begin to hurt people.

Craig: I suppose that a great new industry in some countries can overturn so many aspects of the status quo that the country will never again be the same.

Hickman: Yes. I saw this most dramatically in Surinam, which is just on the edge of the Brazilian rain forest. The Negro population lives along the rivers very much as their ancestors did in Africa 300 years ago. Those people lived very happily in the jungle on bananas, monkeys, and whatever the wives could grow on little plots of ground near the village. Then we found rich deposits of bauxite (from which aluminum is made) in the neighborhood. So we hired those people to cut down trees and build roads and dams in what was almost impenetrable forest. The re-

MEET THE PANEL...



Leon E. Hickman, industrialist, is executive vice-president and chairman of the finance committee of the Aluminum Company of America. He also is a member of the Judicial Council, Methodism's "Supreme Court." He firmly believes that "the highest ethical standards attainable usually also are sound business judgment."



Thomas P. Otto, wholesale distributor, is president of the Otto Milk Co. He also serves as president of Pittsburgh's Methodist Church Union, a missions agency. "Regular attendance at church and your everyday religious life," he says, "are feeding a program into your individual 'computer' for making decisions."



Dr. Dwight C. Hanna, surgeon, is a specialist in plastic and reconstructive surgery. He is on the associate staff of Pittsburgh Medical Center and an instructor at the University of Pittsburgh. "The most difficult decisions for me," he says, "involve the cancer patient who has benefitted as much as possible from treatments that are available."



Kirkwood B. Cunningham, investment banker, is president of Cunningham, Schmertz & Co., Inc. He is a trustee of the Pittsburgh Experiment, which encourages Christian faith in daily relationships. He says: "Let's not assume that because persons are not Christians their decisions are, per se, wrong."



David W. Craig, panel moderator, was until recently Pittsburgh's city solicitor; now he is director of public safety. Each week he lectures on city-planning law to university students. "How do you become programmed to make Christian decisions?" he asks. "Do they ever become clear and easy?"

sult is that today they are being exposed to a kind of civilization—jukeboxes, radios—they never heard of before. In the short run, we probably have done them a great disservice. We upset their status quo.

Hanna: Although you are hurting some people now, won't your decision eventually influence and benefit a wider range of people?

Hickman: If judgments are sound, long-range goals are going to be profitable to people. But a long-range goal is somewhat indistinct and impersonal compared to the people who are before you saying, "Don't change the status quo."

Reaching the Goals

Craig: All of us seem to agree that it is up to those in central, broadly responsible positions, like yourselves, to fix sights on long-range goals of broadest benefit. Are you also saying that it is easy to identify and mark out these long-range goals?

Otto: I do not believe any decision can be made only on the current facts. You must have a background from which to draw and develop. If the main goal of business is simply to make money for stockholders, and if you do not have Christian-thinking people, you could have a very roughshod operation when it comes to personal values. However, if your company also has other motives, including service, and owners do not demand profit at any cost, it is easier to reach good decisions.

Cunningham: The problem is not so much one of long-range goals. These are relatively easy to formulate. The trouble comes in the day-to-day working out of these goals.

Craig: Can you give us an illustration?

Cunningham: Yes. Along comes an offering of stock, we'll say, that you know very well people will buy because it is popular. But you are convinced in your own mind that it is overpriced. The question is, do you participate in the sale of it or not? I am thinking of a recent example of this. A lot of brokers dropped out on that very basis.

Craig: Dr. Hanna, are your decisions as a surgeon more personalized, or do you really have common ground?

Hanna: I think we have common ground. For instance, I was involved in operating on a vice-president of a sizable corporation. He had cancer. I'm sure the company was very much interested in what I could offer as a prognosis for this man. It could have had a direct bearing on the company's programs. My decision on whether to choose one type of treatment or another could have had a great deal to do with what ultimately was going to happen in this company. This frequently evades my thinking because I get so personally involved with an individual.

Hickman: In making a corporate decision, we do not always get into the question of impact on human beings. But we do feel an obligation to the community.

A big corporation cannot move into a community without, to some extent, dominating it. We affect its schools, its working conditions, wage scales, and so on. Consequently, we have to conduct our affairs as would any desirable resident in that community.

Craig: When you are weighing factors in a substantial decision, then, your problem is not that it involves one individual or one family in terms of almost a life-or-death matter but more in terms of nagging economic difficulties that could be created for maybe thousands of people?

Hickman: That's right.

Otto: Sometimes, though, a decision regarding one person can have a great influence among all employees. An example such as petty thievery or violation of time-clock rules creates real problems. The decision to punish and the severity or lack of action can affect the moral attitude of all employees. The individual incident might have severe personal circumstances surrounding it, which makes the overall decision quite difficult.

What Can One Man Do?

Craig: Does the impact of one man, the decision maker, diminish with the size of the organization he serves?

Otto: Decisions of the directing head of a company are known all the way from the administration down to the lowest employee level and, in effect, even to the customers, no matter how big the company is.

Craig: I certainly subscribe to that. Driving downtown, I picked up as a rider an employee in the very lowest echelon of one of our department stores. I questioned him about the president, who happened to be a friend of mine. This employee had a full assessment of the top man, and appraised him very favorably as a human being and as an executive.

Hickman: A strong capable executive leaves his own personal mark up and down the line, whatever his drives are. But, by and large, the decisions of a large company are made on the basis of group consultations and, in general, with the consensus viewpoint prevailing. One's Christian influence in an environment like that is in that little group that develops the consensus.

I have been impressed many times with the fact that the highest ethical standards attainable usually are also sound business judgment. While we certainly fall short of the Christian ethic and Christian morality, I think there is a growing awareness that, in the long run, very high ethical standards are the ones that work best—in treatment of people, treatment of communities, sale of products, or whatever it is.

Craig: This is just as true, I am convinced, in government and politics. Good politics is the best politics. This sounds like a truism, something from a Fourth of July speech, but I think I could document it.

Cunningham: Someone has said that the work of Christ is not accomplished by a committee but by a

committed person, someone willing to make a decision. A group decision is reached only after each person in a group has said "yes" or "no."

Otto: It also is a responsibility of business to assign persons with Christian attributes to positions that require wrestling with problems and making decisions. It is important, in a large corporation or a small one, that you know the character and general outlook of those on whom you depend for advice or decisions.

Craig: Suppose you have two applicants for an important sales position, and one of these by his record is distinctly the better salesman but is inclined to shade things—a man you will have to watch. The other fellow is a lot more easygoing and does conform to your standards of character and unselfishness. How do you weigh such a choice between two men?

Otto: There are many factors you do not ask him about directly but which you try to find out. Is he concerned for persons? Is he concerned for his community? Naturally he has to be a salesman, and there are many grades of them. But I do not believe, ever, that a salesman who shades the truth, who looks for gimmicks, offering kickbacks or discounts, is a good salesman.

Cunningham: I have a man working with me who is not a professing Christian. Yet he immediately called me on a decision I recently made. He said he did not think the decision was either right or Christian. As I thought about it, I realized that he was right, and changed the decision. The point is that God can work through all kinds of people. Let's not assume that because persons are non-Christians that their decisions are, per se, wrong.

The Difficult Decisions

Craig: Turning our attention just slightly, what are the most difficult decisions you make, and what are the real obstacles to making right decisions?

Cunningham: One of the most difficult is to admit a wrong decision. We get involved too much in face-saving.

Craig: Do you face a problem in turning down a patient who asks you to stretch a point on his insurance form, Dr. Hanna?

Hanna: No. When I am confronted with this, I meet it face-to-face. If the individual does not like it, that is his prerogative. I have to serve both the individual and the insurance company—and I must be honest with both.

The most difficult area of decision for me is in cases involving the cancer patient who has benefitted as much as possible from the treatments that are available. How much more treatment should I give? Do I prolong the life for perhaps six months, which will involve a tremendous outlay of money for the family and which may or may not produce a great deal more pain and misery and suffering? Or do I start cutting down on treatment, which in effect is shortening the life of this individual?

Craig: The decisions I find most difficult as an employer and supervisor are in the justice-versus-compassion category—say, you have to tell an elderly employee it is time to retire. I sometimes feel almost that I am condemning the individual to an early death because of his dependence on work activity.

Hickman: I have found myself in a situation relating to a young man, the son of one of our officials, employed in one of the plants. Partly because he just did not have enough on the ball, and partly because he was playing on the fact that he was the son of an official, he was not producing. The manager felt he was hurting morale and needed to be replaced. I was convinced that this would wake him up and lead him into a job that he could do. We discharged the young man because I was sure that it was in his interest as well as the company's. But it was a difficult decision.

Otto: The toughest decisions are the personal decisions. We try very hard to instill within the men in responsible positions a kind of self-appraisal. We constantly ask if we have done enough to be sure a man knows what is expected of him. Has he been warned sufficiently? Does he understand? Did I put him over his head? These are great concerns to us, and if we have been true to them, then the problem of getting rid of a man who has not produced is relatively simple. When you can get him to admit his shortcomings, he usually will resign with no malice.

Craig: The invitation to introspection is good, but don't you encounter some people who can't assess themselves?

Otto: Yes, but it is management's responsibility to go through the process with them. It must ring true that discharge is best for him, for fellow employees, and for the corporation. You must have been consistent in previous decisions, or he will not believe you when you say that he must go for the good of all concerned.

Hanna: Getting all the facts is, of course, the first step in decision-making. But the decision maker ultimately draws upon a broader background of experience and knowledge. I am referring specifically to Christian influences. This is something you have as background available when you make a decision.

Cunningham: You often hear a Christian businessman say he prays about every decision. I rather doubt this, because there just isn't time to pray about *every* decision. If we dropped on our knees and spent a half hour in prayer before every decision, we would never get the decisions made. What we need to do is live our lives as close as we possibly can to God, and keep constantly in touch with him through our personal prayer life and devotion. Then we have a Christian background against which to make decisions.

Hanna: In management, I suppose, the higher you get the more influence you have—the more power you have. But you fall into the trap of feeling that you personally become the ultimate decision-maker. Your image in your own mind just gets bigger and bigger

because the responsibility of having to make decisions puts you on a pedestal.

Otto: Going to church on Sunday brings you down because you have a chance to look at yourself.

Hickman: What Christianity does for the individual is to give him a sense of values. If Christianity "takes" with an individual, it has an impact on his sense of values. I do not think we can or should stop everything to ask, "What is the Christian answer here?" It is either built into you or it isn't.

Is Public Witness Desirable?

Craig: Does public admission by a decision maker of his dependence on God weaken him?

Cunningham: Well, it may temporarily be a disadvantage—until people have a chance to know him and see that it makes a real difference in his decisions.

Craig: We public officials recently were called upon by the Christian businessmen in the community to make a public witness at a "prayer breakfast" called by the mayor. One of the problems we faced was whether taking this stand for Christ would overly expose us to accusations of hypocrisy.

Hickman: I declined an invitation to attend because I thought it was not helpful, either to the men in public office or in business.

Cunningham: I think you have to give a public witness, despite the fact that someone might call you a hypocrite or you fear you are not going to measure up to your witness.

Hickman: Don't you think you give enough of a public witness when you are seen in church on Sunday morning?

Cunningham: No, only a few people see me there. People in my company have to know where I stand. A friend of mine who works in a mill asked me to come out and talk to some of the men because, he said, they do not believe there is such a thing as a Christian who is a corporate executive.

Otto: That is different. It is not a public witness, it is working at being a Christian, which is what we all need to do.

Resources for Decision

Craig: I would like to go back to the reference to drawing upon resources outside yourself. How does this work?

Cunningham: Mr. Otto stated the problem beautifully; the great problem is myself. It is easy to fall into the trap of building oneself up completely out of proportion. The only thing that keeps my image of myself where it ought to be is daily contact with God through prayer.

Hanna: When I make a decision, I cannot honestly say that at that moment a light is shining and that I know I am being directed to make a certain decision in a certain way. Maybe as I look back later at events

that occurred, I can say that I was directed to make the decision. But I never have such confidence at the time.

Otto: I believe that regular attendance at church and your everyday religious life are feeding a program into your personal computer. When you are reaching for a decision, all you have put in is brought to bear on the question.

Hanna: An answer coming from your computer can be based only on what facts are fed into it. If you are feeding the wrong facts into it, then all the answers will come out wrong.

Craig: How do I become programmed? Do I have to wait 20 years until I have soaked up 3,000 hymns and read the Bible several times?

Hanna: You could get back to two words: "I believe." And then you can expand on that as far as you want to go.

Craig: Are the first words "I need," rather than "I believe"?

Hanna: There are two ways to look at the word "believe." One is a very passive way, which really involves nothing more than intellectual assent. The other is a very dynamic way, which entails responsibility and activity on your part. In fact, if you say to Christ, "I believe," it is downright uncomfortable at times.

Cunningham: Without a feeling of need, there is nothing. All of us come to Christianity out of a feeling of need. For a lot of people this may be out of deep need—some tragedy, death, alcoholism, or a deep sin of some sort. In other people, it may be something else, just as deep in their lives but not as dramatic or desperate.

Craig: *Need* is the first requirement, before you even become concerned about being programmed and before you become concerned about others. Perhaps before you become concerned about yourself sufficiently to permit you to engage in self-appraisal. This leaves me with an even greater feeling of dependency, with the feeling that I am not self-starting.

Cunningham: Many people never really come to a religious experience because of this. They play around with it, but they really have no basic feeling of need. Their efficiency is within themselves, and that is as far as the thing goes until they fall flat on their face and cry out for help.

Craig: Well, gentlemen, we seem to have arrived at a place that is consistent with our initial point. We have said that in the process of decision-making you have to keep your sights fixed on a basic goal. That requirement certainly involves looking outside yourself for guidance. All of us seem to have made that same acknowledgment of dependency. You have pretty well convinced me that the rightness of decisions in business life depends on how closely they approach that ideal.

He could turn houses into homes in a twinkling! That's

Why I Remember Father

By KATHERINE REEVES

THE HOMES of our childhood—my brothers' and mine—were made up of a succession of parsonages, in none of which we ever lived longer than four years. This was not our choosing; it was simply the way life was laid out for ministers. We accepted it without complaint, but often our acceptance held equal parts of pleasure and sorrow.

One major pleasure of us children (one not always shared by our parents) was the novelty and uncertainty which accompanied the task of fitting our treasures into a new set of walls, exploring a new neighborhood, and staking out a new claim to earth in valley or river or hill.

The sorrows stemmed from our pulling up roots so often. It was hard to leave the children we played with, the school we were just beginning to know. It was hard to leave the tree house almost finished, the gardens we planted whose fruits we would never harvest, the rose vines we trained, the animals we cherished. And there were occasional hours of

sudden anguish when we felt homeless, exiled—times when we clung to each other with all our strength.

These hours were most often the stretch between dusk and bedtime in the new, unsettled house. There was, as yet, no security in the dusk. The shadow masses at the corner of the yard might be anything. They couldn't be the piano-box playhouse and the yellow rosebush because these were the shadows we had left behind. Morning would reveal them to be thickets of lilacs and syringas which would, in time, become cherished haunts and hide-outs. But in the unfriendly dusk they were strange and threatening shapes.

In such hours, to comfort us, our parents made a special ceremony of our evening reading time. This time was one of the fixed, predictable parts of our life. No matter where we were, no matter what the circumstances, sometime in the late afternoon or early evening we were all together, with a book.

On these special nights Mother fixed our favorite supper, jelly sand-





"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Hearing that the minister was going on his summer vacation and would be away two months, a little girl asked her mother why the minister got two months off and Daddy got only three weeks.

"Well," her mother replied, "if he is a good minister, he needs it. And if he isn't—we need it!"

—THE REV. D. M. NORMAN,
Durban, South Africa

Little Julie made up her own prayers and always asked God to bless a long list of relatives and neighbors. One night she started, "God bless Mommy and Daddy, bless Grandpa and Grandma McIntosh, Grandpa and Grandma Olson, Uncle—"

Pausing, she frowned momentarily and then turned to her mother to say, "We better ask Jesus to bless some of these people. God might be on vacation."

—MRS. GEORGE OLSON, Manhattan, Kans.

When my husband comes home from work, he is besieged by our four-year-old daughter with requests to play. One day he agreed—on the condition that he would read the newspaper first.

To her automatic "Why?" he responded with a long line of chatter intended to dazzle and distract her. His final flourishing statement was, "It is imperative to keep oneself abreast of current events."

"Oh," she sighed resignedly, "you mean you're going to read the funnies."

—MRS. JAN NIEMANN, Chicago, Ill.

Heard something church related lately that made you chuckle? Why not share it with other TOGETHER readers? We pay \$5 for chuckles we print. Please don't enclose postage, though; we can't return contributions.—Eds.

wiches, cups of warm milk into which a sugar lump and a teaspoon of Father's coffee were stirred, and a bowl of fruit. And when we had said our blessing and eaten our food, when we had drained the last drop of milk and the time had come for apple rings cut to order by Father, we were ready for stories.

There never was such a story reader as Father. He loved every word he read and the tones of his voice made the characters come to life and almost move before our eyes. Listening, we could hear the rhythm of Br'er Rabbit pacin' down the road, lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity, while Br'er Fox lay low. We could feel the great wave that washed over Robinson Crusoe as he struggled to reach the unknown shore. We could see the wriggle of the elephant's "... blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot ..." before he had a trunk.

The Peterkins, too, were with us on those nights, airing their incredible ignorance. And when Father had a chance to choose the story, he might want Aladdin, or Sleeping Beauty, or The Tufty Riquet—which he especially loved—or a story that began "While you were sleeping, little Dear-My-Soul, strange things happened." Could there ever be a more wonderful beginning for a story, particularly when you knew it would go on to be about a mouse and a moonbeam?

After the stories came the poetry. Mother's voice was soft and loving of the words. "Much have I traveled in the realms of gold, And many goodly states and kingdoms seen. . ." And then came all our favorites, the fast, thundering *Charge of the Light Brigade*, with its visions of dust rising under the horses' hooves as they carried their riders into the valley of death, or the sad *Wreck of the Hesperus* and the skipper who had taken his little daughter to bear him company. Since I often rode with Father, to bear him company when he visited members of his church who lived in the country, I knew how a little daughter felt, going with her father. And there were the gay and funny poems of James Whitcomb Riley, who made us laugh and see orchards and dusty roads and barns and tramps as clearly as though we had been beside him when he walked the countryside. Mother loved Mr.

Riley. She had talked with him once when she was nine years old.

And then there was, for me, *The Sands of Dee*. I loved this poem above all others, but it always made me cry. However, crying was part of the pleasure. And as Mother read, "Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home, across the sands of Dee," I could see the water and the lost girl. And when the lump in my throat got too big to swallow, I climbed up in Father's lap.

Then Father sang. And if we wished, we could sing with him. It might be one of the hymns we had been taught to love. Or it might be *Annie Laurie*, or *A Bicycle Built for Two*, or *Sweet and Low*, the song that had in it those mystical, lovely words "... wind of the western sea."

And slowly the feeling of belonging to this house and this room settled around us. This was our lamp and this our rocking chair, which we had known since we were born. These were our plates and cups. In the boxes, still to be unpacked, were all our very own things. And these were our books, the fat green book of Mr. Tennyson's poems, the little brown-backed *Robin Hood*, with Robin himself, bow drawn, on the cover.

The special comfort of our own jelly sandwiches and our own books made a warm ring in the middle of the world, and we were inside with Father and Mother. Tomorrow we would start another tree house. Father would put down the carpets. Mother would plant the cuttings from our old yellow rose under some jars. We would explore the new land and maybe even get a new cat.

I could hear Mother's voice, far away, "Little lamb, who made thee?" I could not say it, but somehow the feeling was there inside me as clear and plain as words: home is this thing we make when we are together. It isn't a house or a town, or a corner of some special street. It is our lamp and our books and ourselves.

When it was my turn to sit with Father in his favorite chair, his big loving arm enveloped me and a feeling of security swept over me.

Under my cheek I could feel the tick of Father's watch—or of his heart. I was too tired to decide which. □

Walter Jourdan: ELECTRONICS ENGINEER



Outside his office at Interstate, Walter checks a shipping order with John Eslinger, a production analyst.



EACH WEEKDAY morning, Walter Jourdan wheels his Volkswagen out of the driveway, and rolls along the quiet, palm-lined streets that lead from his home to frenzied rush-hour traffic on the Santa Ana Freeway. The California sun is topping the high, brown rim of the eastern mountains before he reaches the Los Angeles suburb of Anaheim, 35 miles from his home in Los Angeles. At a series of long, low buildings—Interstate Electronics Corporation's space-age complex—he turns into a parking lot and takes the space reserved for him. Then, admitted to the shop area by a uniformed guard, he nods and exchanges greetings with employees, ready for another day's work—as-

Mrs. Ruby Jourdan, en route home from her work as a computer programmer analyst, stops by the nursery for their youngest son, Brian.



Milk break for Brian: Nursery schools like this are a boon for California's working mothers.

sembling components for missile tracking projects of the U.S. government.

At 36, Walter Jourdan is a husky 190-pounder who looks like the hard-driving college fullback he was, and the serious-minded young businessman he is. Moving through the shop area, he climbs a flight of stairs to his office and his responsibilities as a manufacturing project manager for IEC. The slide rule resting on his desk is more than a space-age symbol, for it is very much in use.

Meanwhile, 35 miles to the northwest, Ruby Jourdan has pulled the Falcon station wagon out of the driveway and heads the opposite direction—toward another technological center, the Control Data Corporation plant where she is employed as a computer programmer analyst. Computers, you know, are capable of many things: at lightning speed, they solve problems that would take a pencil-and-paper mathematician days or weeks to solve; they analyze trends and forecast results with amazing accuracy; they map out orbits, update inventories, carry out payroll programs. Yet a computer remains stupid until someone such as Ruby feeds it the "knowledge" needed to solve any of these problems.

Back home on the palm-lined street—an integrated neighborhood of Jewish, Anglo-Saxon, Negro, Mexican, and Chinese families—a housekeeper takes over Ruby's housework. When school is out, the housekeeper also is in charge of the three Jourdan boys: Walter, Jr., nine; Leland, eight; and Brian, four.

In many ways, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jourdan are typical of thousands of intelligent, hardworking, well-trained people who have made the transition, along with southern California, from the aircraft age to the space age. But Mr. Jourdan did not become a project manager overnight.

Born in New Orleans, fourth eldest in a family of 12—8 boys and 4 girls—he grew up in Oakland, Calif., where he attended high school. He studied at City College of San Francisco and received an associate in arts degree in business administration. In the Korean War, he became interested in electronics while serving on a Navy mine hunter. Later, the Korean GI bill helped him earn a degree in electrical engineering. While educating himself, he also worked as a shipping clerk, a truck driver, and a door-to-door salesman.

Mrs. Jourdan grew up in Portland, Oreg., was graduated from Lewis and Clark College in 1950, taught in



Playtime: Walter, Jr., and Leland, the two older boys, toss a football in the yard of their home while their parents wonder if they will find a neighborhood as nice as this closer to Mr. Jourdan's work. Walter and Ruby are league bowlers, Walter somewhat better than the average. At lower right, the father advises young Walt, who is carving out a racing car for his Cub Scout father-son project. Ruby is Walt's Cub Scout den mother.



the Portland elementary schools, and was teaching in the San Francisco area when she and Walter were married in 1953.

Both went to work for North American Aviation—one of the space-age giants—in 1958. Walter was a design engineer for aircraft electrical systems; Ruby worked as a secretary (“the job became boring”) before receiving training for computer programming. A year later, both were employed by Litton Industries. There Walter worked in design and methods, and became senior engineer for overhaul and repair.

Better than average incomes from responsible jobs enable the Jourdans to live in a neighborhood where houses built for \$15,000 in the late 1930s now sell for around \$30,000. They are happy there, have many friends, and are accepted as desirable additions to the community.

The one flaw is Walter's daily round trip of 70 miles to his job in Anaheim. So, last winter, the Jourdans began to discuss moving again. That problem, trying enough for anyone, involves many considerations for them.

“We are looking into those areas that are convenient to Interstate and other electronic firms,” Walter



said. "But for one thing, we want to know if our neighbors will be compatible. We want to move into a community where there are educational opportunities for our children, where we will be welcomed as individuals."

Walter considers it his own responsibility to find such a place, and he does not lack previous experience. "I don't need help. I don't want help. I want to be accepted at face value, to look for a house on my own, to deal on my own with the real-estate agent and the loan company."

"In short, I treat people the way they want to be treated, and I expect them to do the same for me. But sometimes it's hard being a Christian when people seem to go out of their way to try your patience."

Both husband and wife are used to being in the minority, both on the job and in their church. One of three Negro families in Wilshire Methodist Church, they have been active in both community and religious affairs.

Mrs. Jourdan is interested in local politics and can be counted on to work in the annual March of Dimes campaign. Her husband is cochairman of Wilshire's Christian social concerns commission. He has appeared in a church skit, *A Christian Looks at Housing*, presented six times at his church.

The Jourdans had the choice of joining one of two churches when they first moved into their present neighborhood. One was a Negro congregation equally close to their home. "We chose Wilshire on the basis of the educational program there," says Ruby, and they were warmly received.

"At a church coffee hour last year," Mrs. Jourdan said, "many stopped to say how nice it is to have us as members. But when we went out into the parking lot, there were flyers on our car urging us to vote against open occupancy in California!"

—H. B. TEETER



An evening out: Ruby grabs a sandwich and a glass of milk in the kitchen before leaving for the bowling lanes, pausing to instruct son Walter about conduct and bedtime. On another night, her husband (left) rehearses for the seventh presentation of the skit *A Christian Looks at Housing*, at Wilshire Methodist Church. While they are away, the Jourdan children are in care of the housekeeper.





WHERE KARL MARX WAS WRONG

By **BRUCE D. RAHTJEN**

Assistant Professor
Saint Paul School of Theology—Methodist
Kansas City, Missouri

**The revolution he predicted
was undercut in the United States
by social reforms—which
he did not think were possible
in a democratic society.**

KARL Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, written in 1848, has had a profound effect on the history of Western civilization. Nearly every high-school student has heard of it. Yet few Americans have read it.

In one sense, this is most unfortunate. Communism stands opposed to many things we value highly. Communism and Christianity are engaged in a worldwide struggle for the lives and minds of men. But most Americans know very little about communism. They hate it, without knowing what they can do to oppose it intelligently.

I have a friend who insists that he does not need to know *anything* about communism except that it is evil and should be destroyed. But he has oversimplified the case. Certainly he would not be satisfied if our medical schools taught nothing about cancer and typhoid fever except that they are bad and should be avoided. No, we want our doctors to know all they can about these diseases, so they can fight them effectively. Similarly, we must look intelligently at the *Communist Manifesto* and see what our adversary is like. For it contains the basic communist philosophy.

The Struggle of Classes

Marx begins by stating that history is a record of struggles between classes. The two classes are the bourgeoisie, or owners of the means of social production; and the proletariat, or wage earners. The resources and tools of industry and agriculture are owned by the bourgeois. The proletarians have no means of production of their own. They must sell their labor-power in order to make a living.

This has been true since the Industrial Revolution, when the factory replaced the family as the basic unit of production. Marx observes that the factory owner hires the laborer to work for him, but has no responsibility for his welfare. The laborer, however, is in no position to make demands on the owner. If he tries to do so, he is dismissed and replaced.

The problem is intensified by a constant "revolutionizing of the instruments of production." The fac-

tory owner always is trying to improve the efficiency of his operation. But greater efficiency means fewer jobs and an even more uncertain labor market. Furthermore, centralization and increased efficiency in industry and agriculture cause centralization of the population in cities. This, in turn, leads to a breakup of family solidarity and established social institutions.

As the problems of the laborers increase, Marx observes, there is no one to whom they can turn for help. Property owners are interested only in increasing their profits and net worth. City, regional, and national government are of no help, he contends, since they simply do the will of the moneyed class.

Church—a Bourgeois Tool

The church, Marx says, is another tool of the bourgeois. The laborer is told by the church that his situation is part of the natural order of creation. Eventually, in a future life, he will have the blessings of heaven. Until then, he should simply think about his future reward, and ignore his misery.

Since no one is concerned about the workingman, Marx says, his situation will grow steadily worse. The little money he does get will be immediately swallowed up by the small businessman, who is struggling to keep *his* head above water.

Under these conditions, the working class must do something if it is to avoid becoming totally subservient. This is where Marx brings communism into the picture. The lower class, he says, inevitably will rise up against the rich and take over the means of production.

When this happens, according to Marx, everything will belong to the proletariat. The wealth of the nation will be owned by those who do the work. Profits will be used for the benefit of all, and society will be classless. There will be no need for national identity, and all workers of the world will share in all the benefits of society, living together in peace and harmony.

Today, we have the advantage of a historical perspective not available to Marx in 1848. Certainly,

his analysis of the problems caused by the Industrial Revolution contained a great deal of truth. He predicted many of the social problems of the 20th century which we have had to face. Something very much like the working-class revolution he predicted has come to pass in Russia, in China, and in Cuba.

Doctrine Short-Circuited

According to Marx's doctrine, the same thing *should* have happened to the United States and to western Europe. But something short-circuited the neat Marxist "inevitable solution." The stock market crash of 1929 triggered a worldwide depression. As economic conditions grew worse in the United States, all the signs of poverty, unrest, and potential revolt which Marx mentioned began to show up.

But the revolution never came. Instead, the nation recovered its economic balance and went on to widespread prosperity. Why?

In the *Communist Manifesto*, Marx admitted that there were certain reforms which could effectively short-circuit a communist revolution by the masses. He even predicted that some members of the business class and some intellectuals would attempt to institute these reforms to save the day. This series of reforms, Marx labeled "socialism." He devoted almost a third of his *Communist Manifesto* to an explanation of why this would never come to pass.

For it to work, he wrote, the capitalist society would have to become aware of the needs of the wage earners, and use its own resources to provide for their needs. Factory owners would have to be willing to let the labor force organize for collective bargaining. Government would have to provide economic security for the wage earners, drawing heavily on the resources of the wealthy, through a graduated income tax. As Marx saw it, the possibility of the business class agreeing to such a plan—before a massive revolution—was preposterous!

But Karl Marx underestimated the power of American democracy. He saw both the government and the church as weapons which the wealthy could use to protect

their privileged status until their worlds collapsed under them.

Instead, both the government and the churches of our nation took up the cause of social reform. The labor force was allowed to organize into collective bargaining units. Unemployment benefits were provided for those who could not find work. A social-security plan was set up for those who were disabled or at retirement age. Public education was upgraded and made available to all, regardless of social class or wealth. Certain safeguards were set up to make sure that private wealth could not be used to the disadvantage of the public.

As a result of these social reforms, and spurred by the demand for industrial production during World War II, the nation began to pull out of the depression. The consumer market began to grow, stimulating industry and providing new jobs. This sort of reform required a certain amount of governmental regulation of business—on local, state, and national levels. But the means of production remained in the hands of private investors. And these investors had a wide range of freedom in using their property to produce profit.

Reforms Voluntarily Accepted

The gloomy predictions of Marx concerning the collapse of the economy never came true. The American nation moved *voluntarily* and *democratically* to the required reforms, which Marx said could be secured only through revolutions. In retrospect, it is clear that democratic social reform saved our nation from communist revolution.

Moreover, our situation is not unique. Those nations which have moved voluntarily and democratically into social reform have avoided serious communist threats. Among these are Great Britain and the Scandinavian nations. But where democratic social reform has not taken place, there is still a strong threat of a communist take-over—as in Italy, and a number of South American and Asian nations.

Many people today are very much concerned about the size of the United States government. They feel, quite rightly, that we should have no more government

than is necessary to keep our nation strong, free, and prosperous. No one likes government control for its own sake. But a certain amount of government control has been necessary to bring about the reforms that have prevented a take-over by totalitarian communism.

Today, however, some people are calling for an end to all government involvement in social and economic affairs. They regard all safeguards and reforms administered by the federal government as "socialism," and then equate "socialism" with communism. They see these institutions as part of a communist plot to weaken our political and economic system by "collectivizing" it. Under the banner of individual freedom and individual responsibility, they want all controls and safeguards removed, so each man is on his own.

To do this would be to start Marx's process of social disintegration all over again. The problems of unprotected wage earners, which he saw in terms of the Industrial Revolution, have been intensified a thousandfold by automation. Careful social planning is extremely important as we enter an era in which most of our production will be accomplished by a small fraction of the available working force. To remove now the factors which have prevented a communist revolution would be to invite one.

Changes Necessary, Effective

It is the consensus of the American people that the reforms and safeguards of recent decades have been necessary and effective. Most have had the continuing endorsement of both political parties, and most Christian churches. To discontinue them would be to ask for economic and social disaster.

Our nation is far from perfect, but it has a record of response to the needs of its people of which we can justly be proud. As Christians, individually and collectively, it is our social responsibility to see that the nation remains sensitive to the needs of its people, in terms of the demands of Christian love. Let us not sacrifice this responsibility for the slogans of those who would put individual freedom before true Christian concern. □

At Epworth Forest, Indiana...

They Came to SING!

TOWARD summer's end, the founder and director of Epworth Forest's annual week-long choir school receives a lot of mail from distant places. Not all of it is good news.

"Just a note to inform you that I will be unable to attend choir school this year," one writes to Varner M. Chance, who is associate professor of music education at Illinois Wesleyan University. "I have a good reason...I am now serving in the United States Air Force." (This correspondent had been looking forward to his 7th consecutive year at Epworth Forest in northeastern Indiana.)

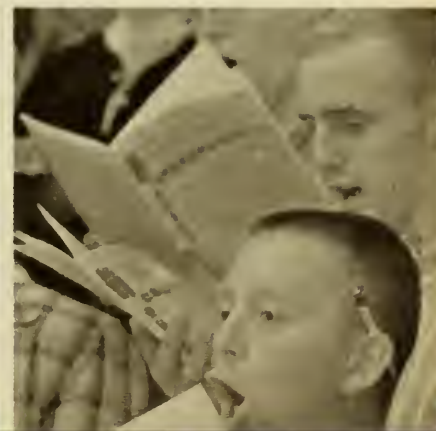
A U.S. Marine writes: "It is hard to believe I am not at Epworth Forest for choir school this week." An older student wrote, "I met one of your students in Hong Kong...She was playing the organ in one of the churches there."

From Germany: "On this rainy Saturday in Berlin I cannot help thinking of how I have used this particular day during the past two years... to get ready to go to choir school! Tomorrow... I will have a unique opportunity to share with people behind the wall some of the spirit and significance of music performed in choir school. The 12 of us in the International Peace Seminar (5 Americans, 3 Germans, 2 Egyptians, 1 person from Denmark and 1 from India) will worship in an East Berlin church and then spend the day in homes of church families."

Such nostalgic loyalty is not unusual for graduates of the unique church-music school just across Lake Webster from North Webster, Ind., and many return there year after year. Last year, as the school observed its 10th anniversary, nearly 200 young people and adults—singers, string musicians, and church-choir directors—

In the cool of the morning, down by the lagoon, three choir-school soloists become a trio. From the left: Albert Carnine, Mrs. Shirley Frame, Harry Mason.

When they finish high school, these boys and girls will be eligible for Epworth Forest's adult choir.





Rachel Cousins, a violist, rehearses for the special concerts to be held at week's end. All instrumentalists are vocalists, too, and join the choir when not playing.



In the soft twilight of an August evening, the "Showboat" docks



were present in mid-August for the usual week of hard work designed fundamentally to increase the quality of church music which congregations will hear the rest of the year.

The week is spent in devotionals, rehearsals, and workshop sessions in conducting, voice, organ, music literature—all leading toward special weekend concerts by the women's choir, the mixed choir, and the orchestra.

"Our purpose is to offer an opportunity for further musical experiences, growth, and enrichment of church music," says Mr. Chance. While there are many summer camps devoted to music programs, only a limited number are principally for the improvement of church music.

An applicant, says Mr. Chance, should show "evidence of musical ability through voice or instrument, have an interest in developing leadership in church music for service in the local church, and should have ideals in keeping with church policies and standards."

At work as the group rehearses for "Showboat": Director Varner Chance (left) and assistant director, the Rev. August Lundquist of Syracuse, Ind.



the company takes the stage before hundreds in the amphitheater.

He said applications are received from as far away as California and Hawaii, but enrollment, principally limited to North Indiana Conference, has soared and applicants must regretfully be turned down each year.

For the 192 singers and instrumentalists who converged on Epworth Forest's wooded acres last summer, there was little time for hiking, swimming, or sunbathing on the 160-acre tract established by the North Indiana Conference in 1924. Epworth Forest overlooks scenic Lake Webster which happens to be large enough to have its own "Showboat," the *Dixie*, a 200-passenger vessel which traditionally plays a major role on the Saturday evening entertainment program.

A stroll through the grounds—where cabins and streets bear such Methodist names as Asbury, Strawbridge, and Embury—often is to the accompaniment of varied rhythms: sacred, popular, classical, even jazz. The underlying mood is one of dedication and reverence, but there is time for creativity and fun as well. This is apparent on "Showboat" night when the choir-school singers and instrumentalists board the *Dixie* for the long-awaited twilight program. Last year the boat docked near the new amphitheater, and the choir disembarked before a capacity crowd of 1,500. Soon they were swinging through such numbers as *Harbor Lights*, *Summertime*, *Sentimental Journey*, and *Moonlight*



Prior to their performance, the choir-school company boards the Dixie up-lake from the amphitheater. Singers take the top deck, orchestra members the lower.



That big moment: Varner Chance directs the mixed choir in Sunday afternoon's sacred-music concert.

Bay. (Before the new amphitheater was built, the program was held across the lake at North Webster.)

It would be impossible to assess the total impact the choir schools have had on church music during the past 10 years. Epworth Forest alumni turn up just about everywhere, all the way from Burma and Hong Kong to Texas and Ohio.

The poet Longfellow declared that "God sent his singers to earth to touch the hearts of men, and bring them back to heaven again." A lot of people would agree—especially the thousands of summer campers and visitors who have listened to Epworth Forest's trained voices in the tranquility of a summer's evening.

—H. B. TEETER

During choir-school week, hymns of praise faintly background the hush in Epworth Forest chapel when campers pause there to pray and meditate.



When her preacher went off to witness for civil rights, this churchwoman stayed home—supposedly out of the combat zone. But that's not how things worked out, as this rare, tragicomic report shows. In fact, she now pleads . . .

'Next Time, Lord, SEND ME!'

By VEVA BREIT

OUR minister went to Selma, Ala., last spring for that civil rights march. I know exactly what you are thinking: "Well, that didn't bother you any, did it?" That's what *you* think!

Yes, the preacher was in a tense and touchy atmosphere down south—I know that. But if you think all the hate and bitterness in the United States is south, I've got news for you. I didn't get my face slapped, but one woman spit in my face. I also got jostled and elbowed, but I'm a coward and refused to fight.

All this because we are known friends of the minister and his wife and because we are steady churchgoers. A lot of this hate and fury could have been avoided if we had joined in the hue and cry of calling the ministers going to Selma buttinskies and Communists. We couldn't do that. Worse yet, it was common knowledge that we had driven him to the airport and given him some money. It was only \$20, but that showed we were "nigger lovers."

If your pastor hears a call to try to influence the world for better, get braced and get braced good. You're going to suffer. It won't make any difference whether you took an active part in his action or not, you'll be blamed. Give him public encouragement, and you'll find out what a dirty louse you are. People are going to curse you and revile you.

Now I want folks to like me. I don't like to suffer. In fact, if I had known what would come my way for encouraging the minister to do his duty as he understood it, I

probably would have chickened out. I never dreamed so much hatred could be generated at so noble a cause—and by people who consider themselves religious. So if your minister dares speak out for what he believes is the will of God, and if it's unpopular, you can save yourself a lot of trouble. Give him boos and catcalls.

When it all started, things were pretty quiet. The pastor had done a lot of work on his congregation, so no one tried to discourage him from making a public witness for human rights. When he told the quarterly conference that he was leaving the same night for Selma no objections were raised. The pastoral relations committee even reported it would ask that he be returned to our church next year with a salary increase. It was a small increase, but we are building a new church and parsonage—if you know what I mean. Even a small raise was an additional vote of confidence.

THE minister was elated in more ways than one. When he came four years ago, our church had been rather hidebound in race relations. But all those sermons had borne fruit. The congregation was willing to allow its minister to go all the way on a "grave moral issue." We were sold on the idea of the church working in the world.

We had little time to get carried away with farewells because we were late starting for the airport. When we got there, the minister had three minutes to buy a ticket

and get aboard. He wasn't about to be left behind. It ended up with him running the last long mile to the gate and leaving us slower, less-dedicated folks well behind.

We had every reason to believe that the impossible had been accomplished. We were a church that had broken the bonds.

Now we thought that members of the churches united in the National Council of Churches would be proud of our actions. Wasn't this one thing these churches had been working for? It seemed not.

The next day, an active member of a large Lutheran church dropped into our place of business. He wanted to know if we had made arrangements for a new preacher. Under the circumstances, he said, we should get rid of our preacher and never let him enter the pulpit again.

At first we thought he must be kidding. He was dead serious. When we tried to explain our stand on human rights, he lost his temper. He didn't think the colored should be allowed to vote, should be integrated—or should have *any* rights, for that matter. They were a class of people to be kept hidden if possible. We were dumbfounded. Here was a good customer and a friend of long standing.

He couldn't change us; we couldn't change him. The upshot of it was, he told us never to expect him to enter our place of business again. Flooey, there went a long friendship—and a customer—down the drain.

We consoled ourselves that he wasn't a true Christian, even if he

never missed a Sunday service or a midweek prayer meeting. It had to be that he was an oddball.

He wasn't, not by a long shot. More people telephoned and came in. They agreed with the first man. Our preacher was too dangerous to be allowed in a pulpit. And if we continued to go to a church where he was a leader, we were as bad as he was.

The first enraged customers and former friends—and I'd better say *former* customers—happened to be Lutherans. At least, we felt that we had acted as other Methodists would want us to. But no. They were meaner than the first callers.

We thought that the policy of The Methodist Church was for human rights and brotherhood. Then some good Methodists set us straight. We were idiots to have been taken in by buttinsky, communist rabble-rousers. People like us were troublemakers, sending a minister down there to arouse colored people—only now they were "niggers" and we were "nigger lovers." The colored, they said, were happy to be slaves. Look how they used to sing. What had buttinskies like us done but make them restless and miserable?

WE should be tarred and feathered, people said. It seemed that even some of the Methodist preachers in the city had said in their sermons that our preacher was identifying himself with a mob. We know several of the preachers here in town and none of them called to congratulate us on our stand behind the minister.

What infuriated the local Methodists was that we had not objected to our preacher's trip. They shouted at us that we had a right to demand that he never be allowed to come back to our church.

At first we got mad. If these other Methodist churches objected to Selma, Ala., why not demand a change in church policy? Why crucify the minister of a small church when he follows the policy of the whole denomination?

After a while, I just listened and let them talk. They weren't going to agree with me anyway, and we did have to have some business to



"About that woman who spit in my face. . . . She had just finished telling me that a 'mob mouthing psalms is worse than honest rioters.

At least the law can deal with them. Sanctimonious, hypocritical clergymen give respectability to mob action.'"

eat. In order to keep any friends or customers, I had to start nodding my head in agreement. I heard all the arguments, including the one about Noah. It goes like this:

Noah lived to be 600 years old and had always walked with God. After the flood, when Noah was getting up to middle age, he thought he would like a toot. So he guzzled up a lot of wine that was red and moving, got rip-roaring drunk, and indulged the flesh.

When his son Ham walked in, there was Dad in a shocking state. Ham laughed with glee to see how Pop had tumbled—and after all those lectures he had given his sons. He called his brothers, Shem and Japheth, to see the old man. They didn't think it was so funny about the old man falling off the wagon after several hundred years. Or if they did laugh, Pop didn't see them.

When Noah came out of the fog, he did see Ham. Pop either wasn't a very good sport or he had a terrific headache. Anyhow Noah cursed Ham, and God respected the curse, even if Noah had been drunk and disorderly.

That's why the black folks aren't really people. It doesn't make any difference that God put Noah in

the doghouse and only let him live a few hundred more years. Ham didn't make the wine or shove it down Noah's throat. But he laughed, which was too bad for his descendants.

Several religious people explained all this to me, and don't think they weren't serious. Those clergymen at Selma were committing an unforgivable sin by considering the colored anything but a curse, a curse so vile that they could not be Christians. So anyone encouraging a minister to sell his soul to satan—like going to Selma—was lost. Even people who didn't encourage him but didn't make a determined effort to stop him from going were going to hell for sure.

I heard all the other arguments, good and bad. All the explanations were demanded of me. After a short time of being pushed and stormed at, I could see some light in the opposing side. The only thing that got me was that these church people were blaming one church and one pastor. They had no idea of the policy of their own church.

Here's the way I got it. Selma was a setup. Northern civil rights agitators came to town the first week in January. They were the

ones we saw on television standing in the rain trying to get in the courthouse to register. Martin Luther King, Jr., and his mob encouraged truancy, paying children to skip school and take part in their marches. The gang knew how to provoke the police and still be peaceful. The debacle we witnessed on television was this mob of agitators. No southern folks, white or black, were involved.

Ministers were fully aware of this setup when they hastened to answer Dr. King's call for help—or so I was told. This was news to me. Our minister seemed honestly concerned for the welfare of man. When the big incident finally was provoked, Dr. King called for the clergy to help out. When the Unitarian minister was killed, the stage was set—just as the northern intruders had meant it to be. Anyway, that's the story I got.

About that woman who spit in my face: I surely wasn't expecting that. I was feebly shaking my head, trying to agree with her. She had just finished telling me that a mob mouthing psalms is worse than honest rioters. At least the law can deal with them. Sanctimonious, hypocritical clergymen give respectability to mob action. A mob is a mob, she said, and an undisciplined mob is worse. I didn't know whether I was supposed to go at once to Alabama and shoot the local preacher or wait till he got home.

All this—at least the worst of it—was coming from people who worshiped every Sunday, mostly in other Methodist churches or churches affiliated with the NCC. I know The Methodist Church, at the 1964 General Conference, endorsed civil disobedience under certain conditions, and set up a fund to help ministers and laymen in financial trouble because of their efforts to end segregation. Can't preachers explain all this to their congregations—that peaceful demonstrations are sanctioned? If they don't, and some preacher wants to make this his mission, I pity his members.

I was elbowed, jostled, and prodded. Preachers who went to Selma were Communists, people shouted. Those preachers that an-

swered the call stood for black supremacy. The thing was, our district superintendent himself had encouraged the local pastor. I suppose that means the bishop thought it was okay, too, though he never said anything in public, so far as I know.

I suggested to my tormentors if they didn't like official Methodist policy, I was hardly in a position to change it. I was a very small drop in a little puddle. Most of my critics held higher positions in much larger churches.

I wasn't quite kicked out of the beauty parlor, but I was about as popular as a scarlet-fever epidemic. The silence was deafening when I entered. Not for long. I soon heard—from a friend of mine at that—that the local pastor had been involved in brawling and rioting. A fine leader for juveniles! she said. All our town's delinquency of the past 40 years was directly his fault. I hadn't the nerve to remind her that he had been in this locality for only a little over four years.

YES, you've guessed it. The local minister got thrown in the cooler at Selma for disturbing the peace. I was reminded again and again that a mob of preachers shouting hymns was just as much a mob as any other mob. How would I like a mob of half-drunk ministers, singing and shouting over my yard, ripping up the grass with their big feet and tearing up shrubs? Still, I couldn't believe our pastor was as bad as he was being painted. Nothing could induce me to think that he was drunken and immoral.

But as I said before, I have little courage and it all ebbed away when Dr. King went on with that march to Montgomery. I'm a chicken with a big yellow streak. If I could have found a hole, I would have crawled in it and covered myself up. The demonstrators had won their point—why overdo it? I didn't know anything about it, but I was supposed to know.

All I know for sure is that more wrath was heaped on my head. I got telephone calls. Some were threats from callers who wouldn't give their names. They must have

been people well acquainted with us or they wouldn't have known how wrapped up in the church we are, and have been for years. They wouldn't have known how friendly we were with the parson and his family.

The last outburst came after a Negro pastor delivered the sermon at our church on the Sunday our minister was away. He was a wonderful preacher, regardless of color. I'm still for human rights whatever the color, race, or previous condition of servitude. I know a lot of fine Negro people. I can't believe that the minister we had that Sunday or my colored friends hate me. I believe in racial equality, but I don't want black supremacy.

I still feel pride in our pastor. He was strong enough to do his duty as he understood it. The funny thing is that he hasn't had a single crank call since he returned. After he got back to town and talked on the radio and television, my tormentors laid off.

Four years ago, our small church thought very little about human rights or the church working in the world. Things have changed. We feel that this is the United States and we have a right to insist on all people having the same rights. We don't believe in a double set of laws, one for white and one for black. We are not ashamed that our preacher went to Selma. If there were and are abuses by demonstrators, it is up to our church leaders to find this out.

Meanwhile, I wish the church would make its stand as strong as garlic, so everyone—particularly the Methodists who tormented me—knows which way to jump.

Whenever a trouble spot develops where a grave moral issue is at stake, I want the bishop to announce what stand the church is taking. I think this stand should be presented not only by sermons but also by mail, marked **IMPORTANT**, to each and every member of The Methodist Church. I don't want to be out on a limb alone any more.

Until then, I'm sure of one thing: if another Selma situation develops, I'm going to the danger zone. The preacher can stay home and defend me. □



When Your FAITH Is Threatened

By E. JERRY WALKER

Pastor, First Methodist Church
Duluth, Minnesota

"Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you."

—Matthew 7:7

IT WAS A typical story of threatened religious faith. A young man had grown up in the church, where he found his identity. Following a particularly significant experience in a young people's summer camp, he decided to give his life to the ministry.

As I tried to reconstruct what he was giving his life to, especially in the light of subsequent events, I concluded that his faith was rooted in what some people call "the good old Gospel."

Central to his faith was what we are familiar with from our church upbringing: personal salvation, escape from worry and fear, the triumph of righteousness, reward of goodness, punishment of evil.

But the "good old Gospel" for this young man was more than this. It was founded upon a particular point of view toward the Bible, which was to be accepted as a way of life. To challenge its authenticity in any measure would be unthinkable—like spitting in the face of God.

His dependence upon this attitude gave the young man a sense of well-being and confidence and determination. It carried him through college and into theological seminary. But there, to put it in words of a friend, "His faith was shot out from under him."

Is it not strange, and ironical, that the very institution of higher learning which is dedicated to the training of ministers should destroy a potential minister's faith? Yet, I have seen it happen. Men have turned to teaching or allied professions, while a few have gone into the pastorate burdened with cynicism. How shall we who are the church react to this?

Some Like It That Way

There is an annual conference of our denomination that has very few seminary graduates among its ministers. Some laymen have been quite frank in

admitting this to be both the fact and their intention. Their defense goes like this: "When we send a boy to seminary he gets spoiled. We like our ministers to preach the Gospel, but when they come out of seminary these days, we don't know what they are preaching. When they preach the Bible, it just doesn't sound the way we want to hear it."

Is this a valid criticism? If validity is to be determined by whether our seminaries challenge the evangelical Gospel you knew 30 years ago, then, the answer is "yes." They do shoot it full of holes.

This is disturbing not only to students in seminary but also to the rank and file of church members. Remember that rousing hymn that used to be sung at prayer meetings in the days prior to World War II? *Give me the old-time religion . . . It's good enough for me.*

Why isn't it good enough for our seminaries? Why isn't it good enough for the young men who will be tomorrow's preachers? What has brought about this tremendous and disturbing change?

Knowledge Threatens Faith

Until a few centuries ago, Christians believed the Bible taught that the world was the center of the universe; that the oceans, threatening to cover the earth, were confined around its flat surface; and that below the recesses of the sea, God placed the underworld. There was a heavenly dome containing snow, hail, rain, and winds. Sun and moon moved under a firmament, to which stars were attached.

Robert H. Pfeiffer, commenting on this in the *Harper's Bible Dictionary*, states: "The biblical cosmology, though magnificent in its poetry and profound in its faith, reflects a science which has long been obsolete."

Why obsolete? Because of Copernicus and Galileo! In the 15th and 16th centuries, they demonstrated that the biblical view of the world and the seas and the heavens is an impossible one. Thus they brought scientific knowledge into conflict with religious faith.

To put it bluntly, if man had remained ignorant

of the facts of the universe around him, his faith never would have been challenged. Is this the price we are willing to pay for that "good old-time religion"?

We won't pay such a price for anything else, you know. In all other areas of life, we seek what is new, what is scientific, the latest and most refined model.

Why, then, has not the growth of faith within the church kept pace with the threats of science? Following my convocation address at a university, I sat with a group of faculty members. This question was raised with me, but before I could give an answer, a consensus seemed to develop among those who had entered the conversation: the church, they felt, is too concerned about protecting its own institutional life. The church has been a grand protector of the status quo.

"Only now," said one of the professors, "after literally centuries, has the Roman Catholic Church faced up to its own error in forcing one of the world's most significant scientists to recant his discoveries. It is not just that he was threatened because his theory contravened doctrines of the church but that for so many years afterward there was no doubt of his being right, yet his dishonor was let stand. In this the church has not discredited him. It has discredited itself."

How would you answer that? Fortunately for me, the conversation was going at such a clip there was no need of my trying. But the facts remain unchallenged. The church—holding to institution, dogma, creed, doctrine, and faith which undoubtedly were relevant to an age different from ours—has not kept pace with the needs of the world's knowledge explosion.

Our World of Explosions

It is difficult to perceive the world in which we now live. I heard an industry representative of the IBM Corporation make the startling statement that 90 percent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive and working today. He estimated that our total knowledge—our actual, factual knowledge in all areas of human comprehension, concerning our environment and ourselves—is doubling every 12 years.

In the field of data processing, an advanced computer now can do a quarter million additions or subtractions in a single second. Time is figured in billionths of a second. To put this in perspective, said the representative, a billionth of a second is to one second as one second is to 32 years. Without the stored-program computer, we should have no way of filing and retrieving the pertinent information available to us today.

Now we can begin to understand why the young man had an old-fashioned faith shot out from under him in theological seminary, where techniques of modern learning are being applied to religious concepts.

And the fault is in ourselves. The church, which for many centuries felt she could remain divorced from the surge of life around her, has cloaked her outdated dogmas in sanctimony. She has proclaimed her un-

scientific world view as though this were the ultimate and everlasting word of the living God.

We who are the church should ask a new question: What does the church mean to *our* day? How shall we speak to be understood by *our* world? And—why?

All around us life is moving, questing, discovering new, exciting phenomena. The language of that "old-time religion," that "good old Gospel preaching," simply does not have relevance to this moving world. Today, people are hungering and thirsting for answers. To get answers, they first must ask questions.

So, a young man goes to seminary. He seeks easy answers consonant with his pleasant, sentimental faith. But he does not get them. Instead, he gets only questions, questions, questions!

Updating Our Faith

Following my visit to the state university, the head of the department which sponsored me—strangely, the department of business education—made this comment: "Never before in all my life have I seen so many educated, well-informed, professional people asking, 'What is the purpose of it all?'"

This is a religious question. It is a question with which the church must struggle.

A contemporary theologian who has been a part of the explosion of interest in theology is Dietrich Bonhoeffer [see *Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Witness to Christ*, April, page 27]. He spent the last 10 years of his life as a prisoner of the Nazis. For some, religion in such a case would be an escape, but for Bonhoeffer it was not. He writes:

"Salvation means salvation from cares and need, from fears and longing, from sin and death into a better world beyond the grave."

Is this what religion means to you? If it is, then—like the seminarian—you had better not do much thinking about it or reading about it or discussing it. Bonhoeffer's next sentence will shoot it out from under you:

"But is this really the distinctive feature of Christianity as proclaimed in the Gospels and St. Paul? I am sure it is not. The difference between the Christian hope of resurrection and a mythological hope is that the Christian hope sends a man back to his life on earth in a wholly new way . . . Myths of salvation arise from human experiences of the boundary situation. Christ takes hold of a man in the center of his life."

For Bonhoeffer, the type of salvation which many of us have grown accustomed to assume as Christian salvation is only a childish thing. Now that we are grown, we should put away childish things.

And what shall we put in their place? This is the thrust of contemporary religion. To borrow a precept of the "old-time religion," the answer is to be found in the Scriptures:

. . . *seek and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you.* That is, if you dare to seek, if you dare to knock, if you dare to face the threat even to your own present faith in order that it might grow and mature and become more relevant to the day in which you live. □

The Church That Grew From the Written Word

By ARLENE SCOTT

IN A REMOTE Aztec village 180 miles southeast of Mexico City, a vigorous Methodist church is in the making. It has no building yet, but it has a firm foundation resting upon the Words of God—the first written words the villagers have been able to understand.

The story began eight years ago when a young American couple, Dow and Lois Robinson, accepted a new assignment. They are members of the Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc., an independent organization whose language specialists are helping primitive peoples in 16 countries.

Methodists as well as members of many other denominations are found among the 1,600 Wycliffe workers who, when their specialized job is done, turn their beachhead over to whichever Protestant group is able to serve the area.

"When you get to the village,"

the Robinsons were told, "you'll feel like you've stepped back five or six centuries."

They realized their job would not be easy, for they had just spent two years in another part of Mexico, working among the Zapotec Indians, who spoke a language that had no written alphabet.

The Aztecs, they knew, had a religion that was a strange mixture of Indian rites and of Roman Catholicism dating back to the Spanish conquerors. The Robinsons' job was to rework an alphabet developed by Spanish priests in the 16th century, translate portions of the Bible into the language, and teach the Indians how to read.

Others had tried to help these people—with little success. The Mexican government had sent doctors, teachers, and agricultural experts, but the villagers always had resisted outsiders.

The Robinsons were to live in Xalacapan and to work also in the neighboring village of Tatoscac. In the home that the Wycliffe organization had rented for them from the Indians, there was neither glass nor screening in the windows, and the floor was dirt. But they knew that if they were to make friends with the Indians, they would have to live the same way.

"We would have accepted it if it had been a mud hut," Lois recalls. "But it was stone," says Dow, grinning. "Real luxury!"

They hired a man and a young woman from the village, Wences and Juanna, to help them. Juanna dressed in the traditional Aztec style—full white skirt and a white blouse trimmed with bands of colored embroidery. As they worked around the house, Lois learned not only Indian cooking and customs but also the local language. Wences

Encouraged by their pastor, these Aztecs are learning to read the first book they ever had in their own language.





Routine in a busy working day, Joel helps another church leader, Wences, trim his burro's mane (above). Indians of Xalacapan turned away from pagan festivals and dances like this (left) when they accepted Christianity. Carrying her baby in traditional Aztec fashion, a young mother (below) selects a handmade blouse at the open-air market.

taught Dow in the same way.

The Robinsons quickly discovered that disease was widespread. Many Aztec mothers had lost half of their babies at birth or in early childhood. Their faith rested with the local herb doctor.

Dow Robinson brought out his store of medicines. "Bring your children to us," he told the people through interpreters. "We have medicines to make them well." Having had fundamental medical training, the missionaries could diagnose and treat simple illnesses.

Fearfully, a few village people came, carrying sick children but wondering whether to let strangers touch them. They stopped several yards from the Robinsons' house. Dow stepped out of his doorway, Lois by his side. "Good day to you," he said haltingly in the local language. "Good day," his wife echoed.

The Indians murmured. No outsider had ever spoken to them in their own tongue. Slowly they moved forward and held out their babies to be examined.

The Aztecs believe that sickness is caused by spirits which enter the body. Accordingly, the herb



doctors professed to cure by extracting the spirit. When Dow used a hypodermic needle to inject medicine, the patients assumed that he was drawing out the harmful spirit. This helped gain acceptance and won the people's confidence.

Next, men began to visit Dow in the evening, after coming in from the fields. They listened as he gradually learned to talk to them. Women smiled at Lois when they met her in the market. Often a hand would reach out shyly to

stroke the fabric of her dress, so different from the native hand-woven cotton. Or a pair of black eyes would fasten admiringly on her blond hair. By the end of the first year, the Robinsons were speaking the local language fluently.

"Would you like to have a book—a book of your own?" Lois asked Juanna one day.

"No. I do not like books. Of what use are books written in the Spanish tongue?"

"The book I have in mind," Lois

explained, "would be written in your own language. You could learn to read it yourself."

"You make joke!" Juanna said sternly. "There is no writing in Aztec. Only word of mouth."

"There will be a book written in Aztec, I promise you—and it will be taken from the most important book ever written," Lois said softly. Juanna threw up her hands in disbelief.

Taking the 16th-century Aztec alphabet, the Robinsons reduced the symbols to 18. They spelled each word phonetically. Then they began the job of translating. After long months of tedious work, they sent a manuscript of selected books from the New Testament off to a printer. They counted the days until the finished product was returned. When at last the large packing box arrived, Lois fumbled with the heavy cord.

"See!" She held out copies to their helpers. "Here's the book we promised you—your own book, written in Aztec."

Juanna gasped and stared. Wences leafed through his, examining the large pictures on each page. Looking up slowly, he asked Dow: "These marks beneath the pictures—they say words the way we say them, in Aztec?"

Dow nodded. He pointed to the verses under the picture. "This is your own written language." His

finger moved to the bottom of the page. "Here are the same words in Spanish, the language of your country. Someday you will want to learn Spanish, but for now it is enough that you learn Aztec."

Eyes shining, Juanna looked up. "I will learn to read the words," she cried out. Moving toward the doorway, Wences asked hesitantly, "It is all right that we go for a time? We tell the others." Laughing, Lois waved them on.

Dow offered the booklet for sale to the villagers. (The Wycliffe organization has found that people value their first book more highly when they have paid for it.) He charged 40 centavos—the price of an egg—and soon all the booklets were gone. The Indians stood around in groups examining the new wonder, page by page.

One young man threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Only look, my father," he said. "You hold the book upside down. The picture stands on its head."

Dow and Lois exchanged glances. Would the booklet be only a curiosity, like a child's picture book? They need not have been concerned. The people were eager, and their leaders asked for reading lessons. They in turn taught others.

What of the words they were reading? The Robinsons were not surprised to find that the Indians accepted Christianity eagerly, with

a childlike belief. Other Wycliffe workers had watched the same thing happen among peoples of many different countries. When given the Scriptures in their own tongue, these isolated tribes reach out toward the Christian faith, which seems to fill a deep need they had only vaguely recognized.

The Wycliffe translators are determined to keep at the job until all of Mexico's Indians can read the Bible. It is a long, slow process. The Robinsons plan to devote at least another 10 years to the Aztecs. In some places, such a project has taken as long as 30 years.

Meanwhile, there is progress. First, in health. Dow says the population may double within a few years because of the lowered death rate. There has been a sharp cut-back in the use of alcohol, which was encouraged in the festivals connected with the old beliefs.

Socially, the narrow bounds of village life are being broadened. Like good Christians, the people are learning to love their fellow-man and, as they learn more about Mexico, they are drawn into closer contact with their government.

Methodism is already firmly established in some communities not far distant from Xalacapan. For this reason, the church for which they are laying the groundwork is Methodist.

Spiritually, the people are hungry. They realize how much they have to learn, and they are reaching out for knowledge. They hold religious meetings in one another's houses not once but two or three times a week. Such meetings, their own form of church service, may last three hours.

"Vibrant and forceful Christians," Dow Robinson describes them, adding, "They are far stronger in faith and obedience than those in the States."

Before many years have passed, a Methodist church will be built, and their own village pastor will extend the right hand of fellowship to this new group of Christians who are eager to love and serve God. □

The Robinsons: Translating the books of the Bible into Aztec language will take from 10 to 15 years.



Anticipation vs. Apathy vs. Apprehension

By PAIGE CARLIN, Managing Editor

ASK ANY Methodist how he feels about the prospect of joining a new church in 1968—and there's a strong chance you'll get a blank stare. Yet, though many church members seem unaware of it, that is what all 10,304,184 of us will do if present plans are approved.

For the past eight years, but beginning in earnest two years ago, The Methodist Church has had a team of negotiators at work with a similar group from the 757,710-member Evangelical United Brethren Church, seeking to hammer out a plan and basis for union of the two denominations. The two groups, commonly referred to as the Joint Commissions on Methodist-EUB Union, are now in the final stages of drafting the plan which could bring Methodists and EUBs together in 1968.

Basic Documents

Included in the documents being prepared are a constitution for the united church which will be presented for approval by simultaneous sessions of Methodist and EUB General Conferences in November, 1966, and a new *Discipline* which will be presented at the 1966 meetings, but which will not receive final action by the two bodies until 1968. Annual conferences of the two churches must approve the Constitution, but not the *Discipline*. [See *Proposed Methodist-EUB Union: A Progress Report*, May, page 3.]

Not to be confused with the Methodist-EUB union plan is the more ambitious Consultation on Church Union which would bring six major U.S. Protestant bodies (including Methodists and EUBs) into a 22-million member union. [See *Another Barrier Falls*, page 8.]

Seemingly, the Methodist-EUB union has everything in its favor.

The two churches have been "brothers under the skin" since their organizational beginnings in post-Revolutionary America. Their founders were personal friends. Their denominational polity (the way they are organized to transact church business) is at least as similar as any other two U.S. denominations. And their basic Christian beliefs, in so-called "Articles of Religion," are very similar.

Despite these apparent harmonies, however, leaders of the negotiations are concerned about what one called "the apathy which is preventing many from hearing about this union." Few EUB lay members openly and enthusiastically support the proposal. Even harder to find are rank and file Methodists more than vaguely aware that the negotiations are underway. And within both denominations are some who simply see no reason for such a proposal in the first place.

Sometimes the objections center on seemingly secondary issues, such as the matter of a name for the united church. Originally, the Joint Commissions negotiating the union proposed to call the new denomination, "The United Methodist Church." That suggestion received a setback at the 1964 Methodist General Conference, however, when delegates expressed strong preference for retaining the name, "The Methodist Church," even after union with the EUBs. Understandably, many EUBs saw in this action an unwillingness to compromise and an apparent attitude of Methodists that they merely would be absorbing the smaller church.

For legal as well as psychological reasons, leaders of the Joint Commissions repeatedly have insisted that what they are working for is "union" not "merger" of the two churches. They contend that if

their work is approved, what will emerge in 1968 will be a distinctively new denomination—a united church which represents elements of both Methodist and EUB tradition. At this point, the question of the name is still unresolved. The negotiators, apparently in hope of Methodist reconsideration, have said they regard the 1964 Pittsburgh vote as advisory, not final.

Despite protestations that a genuinely new church is being formed, it is not difficult to understand that when a denomination of more than 10 million members unites with one of less than 1 million members, characteristics of the larger may tend to dominate. To deny this serves no good purpose. At the same time, however, there unquestionably has developed between the two negotiating teams a genuine spirit of mutual respect.

Union: Already a Fact

Perhaps the strongest endorsement for union comes from 90 communities in which some form of union between Methodist and EUB congregations already has taken place. One community where Methodists and EUBs have formed a united church is Marion, Wis. Now, after almost two years in the First United Methodist Church of Marion, a former EUB declares:

"We have given up our EUB name, but I believe we've gained much more. We now have a strong church choir, a more active youth group, and our Sunday-school classes are larger and much more can be done for our youth. . . . We can afford to pay a pastor the salary a man with seven years of advanced education should have. We worship in the former EUB church, singing from Methodist Hymnals and accompanied by music from a Methodist organ. We

worship one God; the place where we do it or the hymnals we use do not matter."

Union of the two denominations at the top would not mean automatic merger of churches in every community which has both Methodist and EUB congregations, either immediately or in the foreseeable future. Where each congregation has strong leadership, adequate facilities for worship and Christian education, and a clear sense of its own mission to the community, there may be no reason for merger.

But particularly in rural areas of declining population, both denominations have many small churches that would be strengthened and enriched by the fellowship of a larger communion.

This is not to say that the possibility of "more efficient organization" is being held up as a chief incentive for denominational union. The Methodist-EUB negotiators refuse to list "saving money" as a reason for union. If all that is to be achieved is efficiency, bigger and better building programs, and more impressive statistics at bargain rates, then the whole scheme is no more a truly Christian goal than would be the corporate merger of General Motors and Studebaker.

But when it comes to details of writing a plan of union, the Methodist-EUB negotiators, as one commission member puts it, must make "both idealistic and pragmatic decisions."

Among idealists of both denominations, there is strong opposition to a union accomplished merely by splicing together two structures and editorially shuffling the two *Disciplines*. They insist that union is desirable only if it creates a new church, one which establishes a stronger foundation for mission in the world. For these churchmen, the prayer of Jesus "that they may all be one" (John 17:21) is a call for greater obedience to Christ in unity and in mission.

Pragmatically, the Joint Commission on Methodist-EUB Union will have to present a union proposal which stands better than even chances of passage when it comes before the final decision-making bodies—the two General Confer-

ences and the annual conferences.

In the writing of a plan of union, however, many are the outstretched toes for negotiators to tread upon.

Methodist Objections

On the Methodist side, for example, there are problems which rise from the fact that the EUB Church is regionally centered in the Midwest and northern Great Plains states. Across much of the southern part of the nation as well as in several states of New England and the Far West, EUB churches are unknown. Understandably, perhaps, Methodists in these sections have little personal concern for union with the EUBs. They scarcely know what an EUB looks like. (He looks like a Methodist.)

It is proposed, however, that at the time of union—presumably in 1968—the seven present EUB bishops be assigned to areas within the new church on a regional basis. Two each would serve in the Northeastern and North Central Jurisdictions, and one each in the Southeastern, South Central, and Western Jurisdictions. In those areas where Methodists have had few contacts with EUBs, it may take time before an EUB leader from another section is accepted without hesitation as their own.

Another factor which could stir Methodist opposition is the proposed method of guaranteeing EUB representation on general church agencies during a "honeymoon" period following unification.

During the first 12 years of union, the plan proposes, former EUB annual conferences would be permitted to continue their separate identities, following present EUB practices—including election rather than appointment of their district superintendents. Total membership of the united church's General Conference would be raised from the present Methodist limit of 900 delegates (858 actually were seated at Pittsburgh in 1964) to a new total of 1,000—with former EUBs guaranteed 130 seats the first quadrennium. This represents an agreement to give the EUBs double their proportionate strength on the basis of total church membership. The same system, again limited to 12 years, would

apply to representation in the jurisdictional conferences.

As more and more EUB annual conferences would unite with overlapping Methodist annual conferences during the 12-year honeymoon, the proportion of EUB delegates would be scaled down.

A similar system of proportional representation is suggested for membership on general boards of the church, giving EUBs roughly 13 percent of the places on each board during the first quadrennium. But since the total membership of these boards would not be increased from the present maximums, this would mean that Methodist representation, in effect, would be decreased.

Methodists may be reluctant to accept such a plan, even if for a limited time. However, the proposal is in keeping with past recommendations of Methodism's Co-ordinating Council, which repeatedly has urged that the size of boards be kept as small as possible.

Lack of Rapport

On the EUB side, objections to the proposed union take different forms. One which comes particularly from EUBs of the Pacific Northwest and California is that Methodism has become too "modern" and has lost its spiritual fire and its evangelical zeal. Methodists of the Far West speak of a lack of rapport between themselves and their EUB neighbors, many of whom tend to be theologically more conservative than their Eastern and Midwestern brethren.

More widespread among EUBs is the reluctance to enter into union with so much larger a church body. As one woman put it, "If there are those of our denomination who are tired of being a small church or who want more power and prestige for themselves, why don't they join the Methodist or any other large group and leave the rest of us EUBs to worship in peace in our own little denomination?"

Among some EUBs, there are doubts of the depth of Methodist commitment to the ecumenical movement. As grounds for their doubt, they point to lack of Methodist participation in two specific interdenominational efforts. One is



A block apart but joined in a yoked parish, Methodist and EUB churches of Peotone, Ill., have a Methodist lay leader, Howard Slibeck (left), and an EUB pastor, T. B. Rockwood.

the United Campus Christian Fellowship, in which EUBs are joined with the United Presbyterian Church, the United Church of Christ, and the Disciples of Christ. Methodists were invited to be a part of UCCF at its formation several years ago, but preferred to maintain their own separate Methodist Student Movement.

Similarly, these EUBs see Methodists as reluctant to enter fully into the ecumenical movement in mission areas overseas. They point particularly to the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, which EUBs joined, Methodists did not.

Within both the Methodist and EUB camps are persons critical of the proposed union, not because they oppose the union itself but because of the form which they see it taking. Two groups have formed, very much in harmony with each other, even patterning their organizations and activities after each other. They are the Methodists for Church Renewal and Evangelical United Brethren for Church Renewal, both centered primarily in the Midwest and made up largely of younger ministers and laymen, theological students, and professors.

In the eyes of MCR and EUBCR

leaders, the danger in the proposed Methodist-EUB union is not that it will go too far in submerging present denominational distinctions. Rather, they fear it will not go far enough toward creating a genuinely renewed church. These church-renewal groups have voiced concern that Methodists and EUBs need to delve into the primary theological demands of the ecumenical movement. As an EUBCR position paper stated:

"We are committed to forming a new church—EUBs and Methodists entering into a covenant to find forms of life more obedient to our Lord and in more vital contact with the world than either of them now knows."

One matter which concerns these groups is the perennially nettlesome question of racial segregation within The Methodist Church. As presently written, the proposed plan of union includes no provision for continuation of Methodism's segregated Central Jurisdiction. But as the church-renewal groups point out, segregation as a pattern of church life in local communities and annual conferences could continue to exist.

Unquestionably, these voices have been heard, perhaps with

more effect than either the renewal groups or the negotiators themselves realize. Said one Methodist commission member:

"This is an opportunity for deepening the life of the church—an occasion for calling people to renewal. We need to ask: What is the Holy Spirit demanding of us in the church in 1965? How do we respond to these demands?"

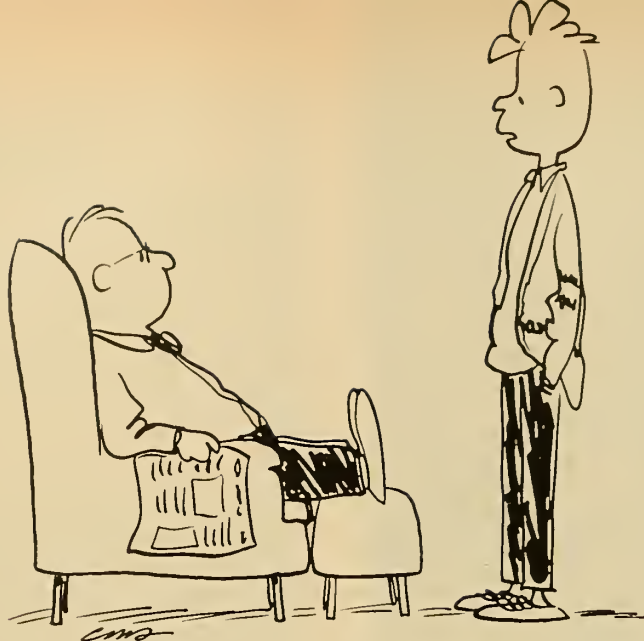
1968: Too Soon?

A final and perhaps most urgent concern of persons in both denominations, including some leaders, is what seems to them the unnecessarily rapid pace with which the union negotiations are moving. The goal of union by 1968, they fear, is solidifying opposition among some churchmen who feel that union is being forced without adequate discussion of the issues.

It is true that many members do not see compelling reasons for the union, or at least for union so soon. Methodists and EUBs, after all, have lived separately but harmoniously in many communities for generations. Still, it cannot be denied that the temper of the times, the pace of events in all ecumenical spheres, has quickened immensely in the past few years. More and more Christians of widely differing churches are becoming persuaded that Christendom's (especially Protestantism's) divisions are a too-long perpetuated scandal.

Now at last, they feel, a spirit of Christian unity is growing, a conviction that many separations within the church are accidents of history which, if they ever had valid reasons for being, do not have now. As is frequently pointed out, the differences *within* denominations today are often wider than the differences *between* denominations. Surely this is true of Methodists and EUBs.

The task of the negotiating teams seems, then, more than just a job of constructing a new institutional home for Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren. Theirs, too, is the job of making clear to all members of both churches that this step is but a part of the central task: the restoration of oneness to the broken Body of Christ, his church. □



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1965 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Don't let me have the car tonight, Dad . . . I'm trying to learn how to overcome adversity."

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

HERE is a frank letter from a girl in trouble:

"I'm going to have a baby," she writes, "and I'm not married. I read *Teens Together*, and I want you to tell other teen-agers about me, so they can profit by my dreadful experience.

"I was going steady with a nice boy. On our dates we petted freely. Exactly three months ago we went to a party. Somebody brought champagne. My boyfriend and I drank until we were dizzy. Then we committed a sin. If we had not been drunk, we would not have done it.

"Now I am disgraced. My boyfriend is so upset he won't even talk to me. My mother cries all the time. I'm afraid she'll go crazy. I would kill myself this minute if I didn't know that God has a rule against suicide. Please, Dr. Barbour, advise all teen-agers not to pet and not to drink. Also, please, please, tell me what to do!"

As I have told others in this predicament, I am very sorry for what happened. Petting is dangerous, yet many teen-agers pet. Drinking is wrong also, yet some young folks drink. When two evils are mixed, serious trouble usually results.

You ask what to do. Go first to your minister. He is an experienced, trustworthy counselor. Ask him to help your parents and you. Ask him about

going to a hospital-home for unwed mothers. There are several in your state. I am acquainted with only one of them. It is run by the Salvation Army, and is a very good place. However, there are other similar institutions closer to your home. They also are operated by Christians and may be excellent. Your minister will know about them.

I have tried to help other girls and their parents through the crisis you are in. Usually it is best for the girls to enter a Christian hospital-home several months before the baby arrives. In most cases, they should place their babies for adoption through a licensed agency. Then they have the job of returning to their homes and picking up the pieces of their lives.

Discuss these possibilities with your folks and with your minister. Do what all of you agree seems wisest. I appreciate your desire to have other teen-agers profit by your experience. I hope and pray that they will.

I'm 16 and have gone steady with a boy for almost a year. At first we just hugged and kissed. Now he insists that we do some very heavy petting. I know this is wrong, but I

love him and I don't want to lose him. After each date, I feel guilty and go to bed crying. How can I make him understand that heavy petting is wrong?—B.P. I am sorry, but you may not be able to make him understand. Certainly by now he knows how you feel. If he really cared for you, he would not insist. My suggestion will be terribly difficult to follow. You should try to break up with him. Look for someone who will not insist that you do things which you know you shouldn't.

aa

I am a boy of 13. We used to live in New England. Now I live in the Southwest. At school, I made friends with a Mexican Catholic boy. I invited him to a party at our church. The kids were nice to him. We all had a good time, but afterward my parents told me I had made a mistake. They said I should never invite him again. When his folks found out where he had been, they scolded him terribly. Is it wrong to invite a friend to a church party?—J.D. I share your feelings. I had exactly the same experience in a small town in the Southwest when I was a teen-ager. Mexican people are not inferior. Neither are Catholics. However, a good many folks still object to having different religious creeds mix. When you are grown up, you can be independent. In the meantime, you would be wise to accept your parents' advice. Your new friend should accept his parents' advice too. You still can be friends at school and in the neighborhood.

aa

I am a girl, 17, who cannot get along with her father. He picks on me constantly. He says I do not stand right, or sit right, or eat properly. No matter how I fix my hair, he criticizes it. I get a nice dress, and he says it looks stupid. He loses his temper frequently and slaps me. At the same time, he keeps telling me he is my best friend. With a friend like him, I do not need enemies! I know I should not run away from home, but how else can I get away from my father?—L.W. I am sorry for what is happening. Probably your father's parents were very critical of him during his teen years. He does not realize that there are other ways to treat a teen-ager. Can your mother help you? She understands your dad. Listen carefully to her advice. Would it be possible to have both of your par-

aa

ents talk with your school counselor? He is an expert at helping young people. Perhaps he can get your father to see his mistakes. Do not run away. You would be caught and returned home in disgrace. Try not to lose your temper. You have lived through 17 years with your father. In another year you will be much more independent. If you avoid a complete break now, you will always be grateful. However, if a complete break does come, get mother to arrange for you to move in with some trustworthy relatives. An aunt who loves and understands you would be a good person to live with. But remember a move from your home should come only as a last resort.



I am 15. My mother calls me boy crazy. Several times lately I have had dreams about being with a boy. The dreams are too intimate to describe. My body reacts. Does that mean I really am crazy? How can I control my dreams?—K.P. Most girls of your age are interested in boys. A few of them have dreams of the type you describe. Probably your dreams come from the changes which are taking place within your body. They do not mean that you are crazy or that you are going to be crazy. You cannot control your dreams, and you should not worry about them.



I'm a boy, 15. My girl is 16. She has a driver's license, and I don't. Her folks let her use their car. She has offered to come for me when we have dates but I've refused. However, it would be nice to be alone with her. As things are now my dad drives for our dates. Should I let her take me out?—E.W. Boys should take girls out, not vice versa. I suggest you continue what you have been doing until you get your own license.



I think something is wrong with me because I'm 16 and have never had a date. I used to be too heavy. So I dieted. Now my curves show. I am reasonably well-dressed. I'm as nice to boys as I know how to be—but they never look at me twice. Why?—B.W. There are thousands of girls your age who have exactly the same problem! The trouble is that boys mature more slowly than girls. At least 95 out of

100 girls of 16 would like to date, but probably not more than 75 out of 100 boys that age are willing to go out with girls. Keep on being friendly. Stay attractive. Be patient. One of these days, a nice boy will look your way twice—and ask for a date.



I have been studying the effects of cigarette-smoking and know, Dr. Barbour, that people who smoke cigarettes shorten their lives. My problem is my girl friend. She smokes frequently. Her parents know it, and do not seem to care. When I object, she says smoking is all right. What can I do?—G.P. The evidence against cigarettes is overwhelming. People who start smoking in their teens shorten their lives by more than 10 years. Keep trying to persuade your girl friend to stop. Would she be willing to talk with your high-school science teacher about the evils of smoking? Maybe he can convince her.



I am a boy of 15. When I was born, my head was pushed out of shape. The parts of my brain which control my muscles were injured. This means that I have cerebral palsy. I went to a special school for a long time. While there I learned to walk. Now I can even dance. I can use the typewriter, but my handwriting is terrible. My most obvious trouble is that my head and neck jerk frequently. This makes the people around me stare. My teacher says I will be ready to go to a regular high school next fall. Do you think I dare go to a public high school? Wouldn't the kids pick at me, and make fun of me?—J.D. I have helped many other cerebral palsy boys and girls get started in regular high schools. The answer to your question about being teased depends upon the type of school you will attend. Is it a good school? Do the pupils come from nice homes? If so, most will quickly understand your problems and try to help you. However, if the school you are scheduled to attend has a reputation for roughness, the things you fear might happen. Ask your parents to talk with someone in the office of the superintendent of schools in your city. If they find the school nearest your home is a rough one, they might ask for special permission to send you to a better school, where you can succeed. I had a note from a friend recently who has a worse affliction than you have. He can't walk, so he lives in a wheel chair. He goes to a

The Fallen Eagle



IT WAS late fall on Alaska's Kodiak Island, and the stream hissed quietly between its banks. A week earlier, the waters had boiled furiously as thousands of salmon—some three feet long—swam their torturous way upstream. It seemed as though one might walk across, stepping from fish to fish and hardly wetting his feet.

Now the salmon had finished spawning and many lay dead along the water's edge. Threading our way past the lifeless fish, my friend Bill and I suddenly came upon an eagle voraciously devouring a finny feast. Bits of salmon—scales, bones, heads, tails—lay all about in a disorder and abundance which bespoke gluttony.

I waved my arms, expecting to startle the bird into flight. Instead, thrashing the ground with enormous dark brown wings, he lurched toward the stream and careened heavily into the water with a furious splash. For a moment he squatted there uncomfortably, as if he wished to hide. Then, slowly, screeching angrily, he waded back to shore. He was so gorged with dead salmon he could only waddle.

Bill laughed—he had seen this sort of thing before. But I was astonished. Was this, I wondered, our proud national symbol? In the *Great Seal of the United States*, an eagle clutches in his talons 13 arrows and an olive branch, and from his beak flies a banner reading *E Pluribus Unum*.

But as I stared at the sputtering, misshapen bird we had happened upon, I felt only disgust. The eagle scolded us, with wings thrashing and feathers dripping. I was almost convinced that he recognized my disillusionment, that he was angered with shame at being caught off guard at his inglorious worst.

Now I can remember him as only a ludicrous creature gorged with dead fish. No longer do I picture an eagle perched on a craggy cliff or soaring majestically in the sky, safe from all his enemies below. He is safe from everything but greed—greed which reduces him to ridicule.

—MAX W. HOLDEN



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Are there Methodist martyrs? The first seems to have been a man by the name of William Seward, a friend of both John Wesley and George Whitefield, who participated in the heroic work of the Great Awakening.

While he was preaching in Wales, he was struck by a missile hurled by a ruffian in the mob. He lost his sight, but went on preaching and backed against a wall. Another mobster dropped a stone on his head.

As this is written, the latest Methodist martyr is Burleigh A. Law, Jr., killed by rebels at Wembo Nyama in the Congo.

When does the 'world to come' begin? The whole New Testament clearly teaches that the real home of the Christian is beyond this life, with all its earthiness; but there is also the clear teaching that the life to come starts now. The *old age*, with all its present limitations of body and mind, overlaps with the *new age*, wherein the Christian finds fulfillment. These two run concurrently.

The New Testament makes frequent reference to the fact that the world to come has burst in upon the present world. It is not wholly future, but partially present. The world to come is not something that we wait for (Paul says in 2 Corinthians 4:16: "Though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed every day"), but something we enjoy here and now, even though not in its fulness. We have a foretaste, or sample.

Is the church 'called'? Yes, for the church (without regard to denominational labels) is the company of those who have been called by God himself. Then, the church calls in the name of God.

According to H. Richard Niebuhr, individual persons are called in four ways: (1) the call to become a Christian; (2) the "secret call" or experience by which a person becomes aware of his vocational call to some form of ministry; (3) the "providential call," which includes the intellectual, psychological, and moral qualifications for some special type of ministry; and (4) the "ecclesiastical call," if the person proceeds into the ministry of a particular church.

There are variations all along the way.

"Blessed is the questioner," is a good beatitude, according to Bishop Nall, who used to deal with question-askers when he was CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE editor. He says: "Questions are part of a quest." Bishop Nall now heads Methodism's Minnesota Area.

good school. He has worked very hard. He wrote to tell me he had been elected vice-president of his class. Good luck to you!

QA

I have a bad problem. Even though I'm 13 years old I still wet the bed frequently. I can't go to camp this summer because of it. I can't even stay overnight at my friends' houses. The doctor says there is nothing physically wrong with me. My dad uses a strap on me every time the sheets are moist. My mother says I'll outgrow this weakness. Will I?—D.A.

I'm sorry your father uses a strap on you. Punishment never cures bed-wetting. Usually it makes matters worse. Ask your mother to contact your family doctor or the psychology department at your nearest college and ask for the name of a psychologist in your town who can give you a personality study. Then go to the specialist and have the study made. Afterward, the psychologist can give an estimate of the seriousness of the problems which cause your bed-wetting. He can help you to avoid tensions and strains. That way you get over it quickly. Otherwise the weakness might linger for years.

QA

I am 17. My question is this: Does a girl of 16 have to obey her father? I went to see my girl friend last Sunday evening. Her parents were away. We were sitting on the davenport in front of the fireplace, hugging and kissing, when her parents returned. We did not hear them. They came into the living room and saw us. Her father really was mad! I thought he was going to slug me, but he didn't. He scolded us something awful and told her she can't date me for three months. Must she obey?—H.T.

She has no choice. Legally and morally she is required to obey her father. I hope you both will try to be pleasant about it. You made a mistake. Many fathers would have been stricter than he was. The three months will go by in a hurry.

Quite often your problem can be relieved through communication with a third party.



Dr. Barbour's address is c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. He will not disclose your identity.—EDITORS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ONE SURE sign of this generation's misunderstanding of the nature of true religion is an assumption that unless a thing is labeled Christian or deals with some definitely theological question, it is not religious.

Television programs, for example, that are put out by church agencies usually deal with Bible stories, Bible situations, and Bible characters. Or if they go so far as to treat a contemporary theme, it is so full of Sunday-school setting and moralistic debate that the worldling despises it. It has a hothouse atmosphere that seems totally unrelated to daily life.

I confess that if I hear of a religious program being broadcast, I usually know it is something I can do without. In the meantime, a series of fine presentations such as *Profiles in Courage* is passed by casually by church people, and many of them would be surprised, indeed, to hear that the series is profoundly and wonderfully religious.

Movies are another case in point. Some of Cecil B. De Mille's extravaganzas built around Old Testament themes were regarded as religious. *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is a religious film. But the picture not so clearly labeled is regarded as a pure commercial venture no matter what values it affirms or denies. It is as if we were saying that anything outside churches or taking place on any day but Sunday is of no religious significance.

If the situation is strained and unreal on television or in the movies, it is about as bad with books. The religious novel is usually an account of the life of Jesus or an enlargement on some short story in the Bible. Several such books have been produced in the last few years because, for some strange reason, they seem to sell. Most, however, are second-rate and so obviously inferior to the original that we can only give the writer A for effort while pitying the production. Meantime, novels with religious themes but not deliberately labeled are read without much realization that they should be regarded as having religious connotation.

This rather lengthy comment introduces one of the great books of our time. No other reviewer has so labeled it and, indeed, the few reviews I have seen have been brief and relegated to back pages. But I want to say that **A CHILD POSSESSED** by R. C. Hutchinson (*Harper & Row*, \$4.95) is one of the best books I have ever read—a novel that brought me closer to an understanding of the love of God than anything I can remember reading. These are strong words and I have waited several weeks after reading the book to see if my enthusiasm cooled down. Since I still feel the same way, I am writing to tell you about it and to urge you to read it.

Let me give you an outline of the plot. The main character is Stepan Lopuchine, an educated and aristocratic Russian refugee. He has married a beautiful actress, Helene Mileseu, and after a while they have separated. Helene has given birth to a retarded child, and she has let her husband believe that the girl is dead. Actually she is being cared for in a home for retarded children in Switzerland, and the actress mother is paying the bills.

Helene, summoned by the head doctor of the institution, is told that a new operation can be performed with a fairly good chance that the girl can be somewhat improved. It will help the child to be satisfied with a simple life and able to do the fundamental things for herself. The actress is in favor of it but learns that she also must have her husband's consent. Her husband is amazed to learn that the daughter is alive and insists on going to visit her. For the first time in his life, he looks upon the poor, deformed, drooling child, twitching and fidgeting before him. Then he does a strange and wonderful thing. He refuses to allow the operation and takes his daughter out of the institution to care for her himself.

He is living in a poor section of Marseilles and is by choice a lorry driver. He arranges with the slatternly landlady who runs his boardinghouse

to look after Eugenie while he is away. Every spare moment is spent with his daughter trying to cure her fear and make her understand his love. He is a man of inexhaustible patience and kindness. He takes her with him to the pub on the corner where she meets unexpected kindness from some and a cold distaste from others. His life now is dedicated to the single purpose of helping Eugenie become more competent.

But one day she has one of her tantrums and the landlady will no longer look after her. The only answer is that Stepan now must take her with him on all his trips. He is with her from morning until night, stopping once in a while for a picnic beside the road or taking her to sit in the sand along the beach.






Out of his love he thinks he can see a growing improvement in the poor, slobbering girl, and he imagines a flicker of recognition now and then and even a smile which seems to be a response to her father's love. But it is all very slow, very painful, and nothing that a stranger would call improvement.

Perhaps the strangest part is that Stepan finds in this experience a great joy and fulfillment. There is not the slightest sign of self-pity on his part; but in dedicating his life to his daughter, he finds purpose and joy. In the end, he gains a new appreciation and understanding of his wife and her fine talent. The two of them begin to find a deeper love than they ever knew. For not only the father but the lovely, talented mother is touched by the child's need.

Well, this is the outline of what one reviewer called "a faintly distasteful theme." But to me it spoke of my own inadequacy and foolishness. All of us are retarded children in the eyes of God, and we have our tantrums and our rebellions and our stupidities. But God cares for us as that father cared for his daughter, and I never saw such love more clearly portrayed.

I wish I might meet the man who wrote this book, for I have admired his writing for many years. He will

What kinds of people buy Methodist mission annuities?

	<i>A Christian businessman, knowing the pitfalls of commercial investing, who seeks dependable income and wants to advance the church's work</i>
	<i>An Air Force officer working with dangerous equipment who wants to protect his family and at the same time, express his gratitude to God</i>
	<i>A circus performer who thanks God for protection in his hazardous work by buying an annuity at the end of each season on the road</i>
	<i>A successful career woman who wants an unfailing income for later life, and wants her resources to serve the church after her death</i>
	<i>A cattle rancher who designates a portion of each year's herd for the Lord's work, and buys an annuity with the profits on that portion</i>

For 95 years Christian people of small means and great have cherished the absolute security, attractive lifetime income and tax savings of Methodist annuities, at the same time rejoicing that at their life's end their earthly treasure would perpetually serve the church around the world.

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never write anything more wonderful in its sympathy and understanding if he writes for a hundred years. It is not heavy or moralistic at all, and I found it holding my interest to the end. There is nothing more dramatic or exciting than morality. When we find a book with spiritual insight, we know how hungry this generation is for this kind of writing. We know also how cheap are the novels which come from men with no faith and no human experience of love and concern.

R. C. Hutchinson wrote *Elephant and Castle* which I read years ago and never forgot. In giving me the experience of reading *A Child Possessed*, he has put me in his debt forever.

Now in closing let me recommend **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, a movie that will give you and the family an unforgettable evening. If I had more space I would write more about it. But all you need to know is that it is simply wonderful. Oh, what Hollywood producers can do, if they choose! □

'Go Ye Into All the World'

A POLITE Chinese clerk who spoke excellent English gave me my package, and I left the art embroidery shop and stepped into the crowded Hong Kong street.

Back at my hotel, I eagerly unwrapped the package to re-appraise its contents. The blue Chinese robe, chosen for a small granddaughter, would match her eyes, and I knew she would like it.

Then, on the white wrapping paper I noticed green printing. In English it said, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Although I could not read it, the quotation apparently was repeated in Chinese, and the whole printed block was ornamented with a drawing of a bouquet of flowers. I smoothed out the wrapping paper and discovered seven other New Testament quotations.

Some unknown Christian, wanting to lead others to his faith, had found a way, in that teeming city, to reach people of every faith, as well as those with none at all.

—FLORENCE COLLINS WEED

Looks at NEW Books

IN DECEMBER, 1952, more than 4,000 people in London died from the attack of a silent killer. The killer was smog, a combination of fog and air pollutants held tight over the city by a temperature inversion of air masses. Earlier, in the 1940s, the city of Donora, Pa., smothered by a similar killing smog, had seen 20 people die, 6,900 become ill. In November, 1953, New York was pinned under weather conditions that made the air foul with gasses and thick with grime. That episode took from 170 to 200 lives.

Today almost every American is absorbing a small but significant amount of poison with every breath. Generally we are unaware of it. But chemical bodies in the air can make us sick, indeed kill us. In every part of the nation, the problem is largely neglected—and getting worse. In some areas the stench is nauseating; in others, industrial dust cakes clothes on the clothesline, penetrates the tightest windowsills, and causes allergies ranging from asthma to skin eruptions as well as emotional disturbances and inflammation of the eyes, nose, and throat. Cancer-producing chemicals are emitted by motor vehicles, furnaces, and other instruments of combustion.

Public health consultant Howard R. Lewis examines these problems in *With Every Breath You Take* (Crown,

When smog covers Chicago's Loop, you can taste it. (Picture from *Crisis in Our Cities*.)

\$5). The knowledge and techniques for controlling air pollution are available, he says, but putting them into use will first take strong measures at local and national levels. There is not much time left. Population is skyrocketing, the nation is becoming more urbanized, industry is expanding, new products and processes are pouring new pollutants into the air, and motor-vehicle use is on the rise. "We are, in fact, at this moment creating an environment that is destroying humanity," says Lewis. The time to end this plague is now.

Lewis Herber, in *Crisis in Our Cities* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95), adds more grim details to this already grim picture. In addition to the smoke, fumes, dusts, mists, and gases that hover over our metropolitan areas, some cities have, he tells us, drinking water bubbling with detergents or unpleasant to smell and taste because of the presence of other chemicals. And emotional stresses are mounting as more and more Americans are squeezed into giant urban centers and subjected to the grind of constant tension.

At the National Institute of Mental Health, Herber says, they confined

30 Norway rats in a 10 by 14-foot room partitioned into four interconnected pens. These were supplied with neat nests, and the whole resembled a modernized boarding house. The rats received plenty of food in structures fostering a maximum amount of collective feeding.

After 16 months the 30 rats had increased to 80 and conditions in what had become a congested rodent metropolis were little short of catastrophic. Nearly all time-honored patterns of rat behavior collapsed. Mothers began to neglect their nests, often abandoned their young. Many rats wandered around aimlessly, dazed and disoriented. Others turned to homosexuality and curious sexual aberrations. Still others became cannibalistic. The death rate soared, surpassing all live births, and if the experiment had continued, the whole population would have perished.

"Although thus far urban man has not been destroyed by the social stresses that doom simpler animals like rats, we have every reason to believe that these stresses are extremely harmful to his physical and mental health," says Herber. "What is even more disconcerting, urban congestion



is increasing rapidly with the reckless expansion of metropolitan areas and a new Pandora's box of urban ills has been opened by recent innovations in transportation and technology."

Pittsburgh, Pa., is an American city that has pulled itself out of its smog. A fellow staff member who knew the city during the twenties and returned to it in 1964 for the Methodist General Conference could hardly believe he was looking at the same Golden Triangle. And he was not. Gone were the smoke and soot that had so often smothered the city, gone the ancient buildings and narrow streets with their tangled traffic, gone the adjacent slums. Now there are clear air, magnificent new buildings, residential redevelopments—and clean, smiling faces where smudged makeup and grimy necks once marked anybody who had spent several hours in the Triangle.

Stefan Lorant has done a fine job of tracing the Iron City's history from birth to rebirth in *Pittsburgh: The Story of an American City* (Doubleday, \$12.50). The ample text, for which Lorant had the help of half a dozen well-known writers and political figures, is illustrated by more than a thousand pictures—76 in full color.

What Pittsburgh has done, other cities can do!

"There was a man named Alfred Nobel," an eight-year-old told her third-grade classmates at Atlanta's Oglethorpe Elementary School. "He was a millionaire. And when he died, he said that he would like to have a Peace Prize. The man who made the most peace—he would get \$54,600. There were three Negroes to win the Peace Prize. The first was Ralph Bunche in 1950. The second was Chief . . ." she stumbled over the African name of Albert J. Luthuli, and the class giggled. "The third was my daddy. And he won it in 1964."

Her daddy is Baptist minister Martin Luther King, Jr., head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize because he "had succeeded in keeping his followers to the principle of nonviolence" in the American Negroes' struggle for civil rights.

Lerone Bennett, Jr., gives us an excellent word portrait of the Negro leader in *What Manner of Man* (Johnson, \$4.95). He is a man, says Bennett, who has fleshed out in pain and in love, a prophecy and hope voiced by Mahatma Gandhi in 1929 when he sent this message to the Negroes of America: "Let us realize that the future is with those who would be truthful, pure, and loving."

Martin Luther King's sandlot baseball and football playing, as a youth, was "not always distinguishable from fighting," but as he grew up he learned to manipulate his environment by neither revolting nor submitting. This knowledge plus a quiet but tenacious stubbornness has enabled him to find in love the same powerful force for America that Gandhi found in it for India.

Methodist Bishop Lance Webb, no less a child of this age than the rest of us, considers doubt and faith in *On the Edge of the Absurd* (Abingdon, \$2.75) and finds meaning amidst the foolishness and constancy amidst inconsistency.

It is faith and the experience of Christian living that offer the greatest sense of reality in a world of absurdity, he believes, and it is our stance of faith that gives us our authentic self as a child of God.

"We do not find that highest truth by which life is meaningful and worth living by using a test tube or a telescope," he writes, "but by using the methods of mental, moral, and spiritual experience through which the deepest realities may become known and obeyed. The truth has been tested by the experience of mankind throughout the centuries."

CITY PLAYGROUND

A Thought

By Maureen Cannon

How good that tots of tender age
Do not consider this the cage
It is, nor do they pause to ponder
The thought that they could be much
fonder
Of grass in some enchanted yonder . . .

Because Charles Chaplin has become a legend in his own time, perhaps I expected too much of his autobiography. But only part of *My Autobiography* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) fulfills those expectations.

When Chaplin writes about his childhood in the London slums and English workhouses for the destitute, he is a moving, evocative writer. His recollections of his hand-to-mouth existence as a juvenile actor are frank and open. But as he gets to where success overtook him, a mantle of reserve falls about his writing, and we get only surface conversation about his Hollywood years as a great motion picture star, his creation of the little tramp with the derby hat and cane who became the greatest comedy character of all time, and his first three marriages.

He is more frank, however, about

the famous Chaplin paternity suit and the political accusations that made him decide that he would never return to the United States; and the happiness he has found in his fourth marriage, with Oona O'Neill and their eight children, shines through his reserve. Thus, the final chapters become absorbing reading, again.

Those of us who think our house pets have learned their nearly human ways from us just do not recognize their natural abilities. In *Wild Heritage* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95), a delightful book on animal behavior, Sally Carrighar points out that animals share with man the ability to make and use tools, to communicate precise information, in learning and then organizing their knowledge. And they have gone beyond man in their ability to maintain stable societies, for with the exception of one species of ant, they have learned to live without making war on their own kind.

Animals bluff more than they fight, Miss Carrighar says. They compete but they do not instinctively hate; they kill for food but not often in anger. In their play, they have much in common with us. In fact, some quite elaborate children's games have animal origins.

She observes that close association between mother and child, among certain higher animals, may be as essential to normal development as it is with human beings. I believe her, for a dog I know was taken away from his mother when he was five weeks old and raised by humans. He is a fine pet, but he lacks the independence and self-reliance he should have as a dog—and he did not learn to play until another dog taught him.

A war in which the world's greatest power is bested by a farmer army equipped in part with spears and crossbows sounds reminiscent of our own French and Indian War and the American Revolution. But in Viet Nam the great world power is the United States and the army of farmers is communist.

Malcolm W. Browne, Associated Press correspondent in South Viet Nam since 1961, writes about the strange, brutal conflict in *The New Face of War* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5). His photographic prose brings close up the smell of battle, the experiences of individual people, the sights and sounds of hamlets under attack. What emerges is a war of ambush, terror, and counterterror in which there are no civilians.

It is a war fought as much at a union meeting, a rural threshing party, or a coffee shop as it is in battle, Browne says. It is fought, also, in churches, temples, and pagodas.

It is fought with lies and counterlies. It is a war in which soldiers on both sides look and dress alike, and in which they often take their families with them, right up into the front lines.

American military men and civilian officials in South Viet Nam are colorful, funny, brave, resourceful, honest, dedicated, and very hardworking; they also can be unimaginative, desk-bound, gullible, comfort-loving, and bigoted. All of them live in enemy territory because the first rule of communist warfare is infiltration.

Superficially, the Americans' relations with the South Vietnamese are often good, but Browne thinks most Vietnamese not only dislike Americans but hold them in contempt. They regard Americans, he says, as extremely gullible, politically infantile, and hypocritically softhearted.

He does not draw any sweeping conclusions about what the United States should or should not do in Viet Nam, because he has learned that "there are at least two sides to all the controversies." He gives us something better in providing a succession of images through which we are drawn into the feel of the country and the problem.

Because it is a stark, disturbing book, I first thought I would not review *The Addict in the Street* (Grove Press, \$5.50). This is a group of first-person stories of heroin addicts taken from tape recordings collected by Ralph Tefferteller during his work as associate director of the Henry Street Settlement on New York's Lower East Side, and they record every possible kind of crime and misbehavior because a drug addict will do anything to support his habit.

It was editor Jeremy Larner's introduction that reminded me this is a book Christians should know about. "Most people," writes Larner, "won't even permit themselves to see an addict when he is squarely before their eyes."

Perhaps one reason we do not want to look is because of the almost complete lack of successful cures. Addicts are constantly "kicking" the habit, but over 95 percent return to drugs.

The addicts in the book grew up in a crowded, lower-class neighborhood. They were bored and delinquent at school with little to do but hang around the neighborhood, and no group with which to identify but their comrades on the corner. When asked why they started on heroin as teenagers, almost every one of them used the phrase "to kill time."

Larner points out that in almost every case the addict reported either a negative relationship or no relationship at all with his father. He observes

Who Is TINY ALICE?

A Broadway play
requires the answer
of its audience.

WE ARE accustomed to abstract paintings and sculpture in the art museums. But the idea that drama might require the same responsibility to interpret, the same participation on the part of the viewer, is strange to us.

Such a drama—abstract art on the stage—has been fascinating, puzzling, or repelling people who have seen it on Broadway. It is *Tiny Alice*, now in book form (Athencum, \$4.50).

Playwright Edward Albee will not explain its meaning: "If a playwright only supplies answers," he says, "then he has to limit his questions." He has purposely put into the play things the audience must take out of the theater and think about. So powerful is the drama that few have been able to ignore this challenge. Thus, *Tiny Alice's* ultimate meaning is found in the response of its beholders.

This meaning has to do with the identity of God. The play is full of religious symbolism. As the curtain goes up, a lawyer is offering his old school enemy, the Cardinal, a tremendous gift for the church. The one condition is that the Cardinal's secretary, a lay brother, attend to the details of the transaction.

The donor is Miss Alice, a fantastically wealthy woman, youngish and quite beautiful. It is evident that she, the lawyer, and a talkative butler are in a plot to seduce the good and innocent Brother Julian. There are mysterious references to Alice, whom they serve. There is mystery also about the meaning of a model of Miss Alice's mansion that stands in the mansion's great hall and contains a smaller model in its great hall. Inside the smaller model is another, and inside that still another, perhaps going on endlessly.

Brother Julian is seduced by Miss Alice and marries her in a ceremony performed by the Cardinal. Then she tells him he did not marry her, but that through her he married Alice who inhabits the model. She says she and the others must leave. All plead with him to



William Hutt, Irene Worth, and
John Gielgud in *Tiny Alice*.

accept his fate and stay with his bride. He refuses and is shot by the lawyer. Then all leave him.

At the end of one of the longest death scenes in the history of the theater, he cries: "I accept thee, Alice, for thou art come to me. God, Alice . . . I accept thy will." He dies with arms outstretched as on the cross, and there is the sound of giant footsteps approaching and the sense of a presence on the darkening stage.

Who is Alice? We do not know. We only know, from the conversation, that she is not God "created in man's image." Is she God? Perhaps. And because she sought Julian, it could be that the seeking represents God's grace, which comes to us freely if we will accept it. The marriage was presented to Julian as a sacrifice he must make for his church. And God does require us to sacrifice our pretensions, as Julian sacrificed his chastity.

There is speculation about what is real and what is fantasy. Miss Alice tells Julian: "I am . . . the illusion." Perhaps the model reflects the need to look within ourselves for God, not out in space.

One critic called the play cynical and demonic. Another termed it far and away the most significant play on Broadway. Albee, himself a Christian, refuses to say what it means or whether he agrees with the interpretations of others. The question of its meaning can be answered only by each person exposed to it—and is likely to be not an answer but a series of questions.

—HELEN JOHNSON

that narcotic addicts are not psychotic per se, but that their response to anxiety moves beyond neurosis toward an absolute escapism from which there is small hope of rescuing them. "We cannot expect quick solutions," he says, "but it is high time we let the drug addict appear in our field of vision, that we may step toward him with some sense of shared humanity."

Advances in biblical research during the last 20 years are reflected in the 730 pages of the *Pictorial Biblical Encyclopedia* (Macmillan, \$17.50), a one-volume guide to the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, and the literature of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Edited by Gaalyahu Cornfeld, 814 photographs amplify authoritative articles.

Boys and girls of all ages now have their own biblical reference work in the *Bible Encyclopedia for Children* (Westminster, \$3.95). Sparkling with colorful illustrations, it has been prepared by Cecil Northcott, with a panel of biblical scholars, theologians, and Christian educators of various denominations ensuring its accuracy. Dr. Northcott defines and explains Bible terms in 850 entries written in narrative style.

Any time at all is the time to pray, the young child will learn from *It's Time to Talk to God* (Augsburg, \$2.50). But, even more, John and Joan Golisch's relaxed, conversational text and Judith Jagusch's joyous cartoon-type illustrations will draw the very young into a close and happy relationship with God.

Read this to your small fry, or teach them to read it to themselves. Use it as the basis for family devotions with small children. Discuss it. And leave it out where various members of the family can pick it up—you may find some of the more staid adults lingering over it, too. For this is a treasure for the whole family.

When I was a child, a six-volume set of books kept me company from nursery-rhyme days to about the fourth or fifth grade. These books belonged to me; I loved them possessively and read them not once but many times.

Experts do not fully agree on the advisability of such "sets" of books for children, but I think they are a good thing—if the child does not depend on them so much that he fails to go to the library and expand his reading, and if his parents do not think that since they have given him all those volumes to read, they do not need to provide him with any more books.

I have just been going over the

1965 edition of *The Child's World* (The Child's World, \$59.50), which has been designed to prepare a child for school and help him once he gets there. Seven of its eight volumes are for the child, starting him with nursery rhymes and, progressively, introducing him to stories and poetry, the childhood days of great men and women, children of other lands, the world of nature, the world of science, and the world of the arts. The eighth volume is for parents, suggesting guidelines for dealing with the inevitable problems of child-rearing.

The text is well written and appealing and it should do a good job of heightening the child's awareness and understanding of the world about him. The pages and bindings are sturdy, and the illustrations are informative. However, I wish there had been more creativity both in the selection of illustrations and their presentation. In appearance, the books are behind the times, even though their text matter is not.

Indian children do not fear thunder and lightning because they know it is only the coming of the Thunderbird, once the giant Nasan, who dared to woo the Evening Star Lady and thus angered the Great Spirit. This story and two other tales from American Indian mythology are told in *Thunderbird and Other Stories* (Pantheon, \$3.25). Henry Chafetz does the telling, and Ronni Solbert has created the illustrations for this beautiful book for boys and girls.

Younger children will find an appealingly illustrated description of the daily life of Indian children in *Indian Children of America* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$2.75). Margaret C. Farquhar is the author. Brinton Turkle did the drawings.

For junior-high-schoolers, the story of *Osceola* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$3.25) by Gordon Langley Hall throws a bright light on the peace-loving Indian chief who led his people against the United States when his tribe was tricked into fraudulent treaties and finally ordered to give up its territory in Florida and migrate to Oklahoma. Before he was finally defeated, Osceola held out in the Florida swampland against one great general after another, baffling and outwitting them at every turn and catching General Winfield C. Scott's men in their own trap.

As *Lines and Shapes* (Walck, \$2.75) gives youngsters a first look at geometry through forms they can find everywhere around them, this tastefully designed book gives them, also, a subtle introduction to art.

Solveig Paulson Russell's relaxed, informative text appears in crisp,

sparkling type, and Arnold Spilka's swift, telling sketches look as if they might have come from an artist's notebook.

Turning freezer plates into picture frames, drinking straws into bird-cages (for make-believe birds), corks into all kinds of fascinating animals can keep young fingers busy during long summer days.

Tina Lee tells how in *Things to Do* (Doubleday, \$2.95). And there are instructions for making many another toy or household convenience out of commonplace articles. Miss Lee even shows how to make new costumes for teen-age dolls, a real saving, as any parent who supports a Barbie doll can tell you.

Modern brides may never have a rolling pin or skillet in their hands until they start cooking in their own kitchens. Then they have a miraculous way of coming up with gourmet dishes and well-balanced menus, more than likely served by candlelight.

They learn how from the endless succession of good cookbooks they find in the bookstores. Like Thora Hegstad Campbell's *Buffet Party Recipes* (Rand McNally, \$3.95). Or *Mary Meade's Country Cookbook* (Rand McNally \$4.95), by Ruth Ellen Church.

The last is unique because it concentrates on old-fashioned, truly American cooking. There are recipes for such old-timers as spoon bread, johnnycake, shoofly pie, and Indian pudding. Or if you want to hold an old-fashioned country corn roast, all the directions are there.

Preparation for marriage is a process that begins at birth and continues to the wedding day, perhaps 90 percent of it coming as we observe our parents' attitudes and behavior in their marriage, believes Methodist minister W. Clark Ellzey, who is acting chairman of the family-life education department at Stephens College.

Accordingly, he has written a down-to-earth manual for parents that considers how to achieve the kind of maturity in marriage that will set a successful pattern for their children. *Preparing Your Children for Marriage* (Association Press, \$3.95) also devotes much space to how to help children achieve normal, healthy maturity at all stages of growth, for: "If one thing has emerged more clearly than any other through the author's 30 years of teaching and counseling, it is the fact that immaturity is the chief cause of trouble in marriage."

The challenges we face—of self, of others, of choice, of adversity, of

daily living, and of social concern—are taken up in a collection of meditations by Maxie D. Dunnam. Then he considers how we shall find the grace to meet them.

Channels of Challenge (Abingdon, \$2.75) draws on reading that has ranged from Dwight L. Moody to C. S. Lewis, from the Gospel of Mark to an advertisement by a modern-day investment brokerage firm, yet always the interpretations are fresh, making the point quickly and incisively, never belaboring it or stumbling.

The author, a young Methodist minister, is now in the process of organizing a new congregation in San Clemente, Calif.

Ruth C. Ikerman directs 24 devotions to the volunteer church worker who wants to make the most of her crowded time in *The Disciplined Heart* (Abingdon, \$2.25). Twelve chapters of this book are keyed to the months of the year, but they all deal with problems encountered daily—money squabbles, gossip, giving and accepting sympathy, and meeting deadlines.

A word diet for the verbally overweight . . . or a guide to plain English. Tell me which description you prefer, and I can tell you something about your personality.

Both are used to describe *The ABC of Style* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), in which Rudolf Flesch launches another attack against pretentious, verbose writing. This is a new kind of reference book that offers simpler and, Flesch says, stronger alternatives for almost every phrase or word having more than four or five letters. Used with discretion, it will help you write livelier letters and more readable reports. But used to excess (Flesch would substitute "overused"), it would result in literary malnutrition. Many of the alternatives carry less precise meanings, and if all of us writers followed Dr. Flesch's example fully, your books, newspapers, and magazines would be written in a kind of basic English that would be monumentally dull and not very informative either.

Mind you, I agree with Dr. Flesch about pretentious, self-conscious writing. I do not agree with his drastic remedy for it.

Tom Glazer's *Treasury of Folk Songs for the Family* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$4.95) goes beyond the old familiar children's songs to include some contemporary children's songs that look like they are going to be lasting. Occasionally, too, you find unfamiliar verses of familiar songs. This makes the *Treasury* a real treasure. —BARNABAS

SHE NEEDS YOUR LOVE

Little Mie-Wen in Taiwan already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date,

milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—today.

Sponsors needed to help children in the following countries this month: India, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Taiwan, American Indians.



Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

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Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country) _____

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year)
☐ monthly ☐ semi-annually ☐ yearly

I enclose my first payment of \$ _____

Send me child's name, story, address, picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ _____

☐ Please send me more information TG 75

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

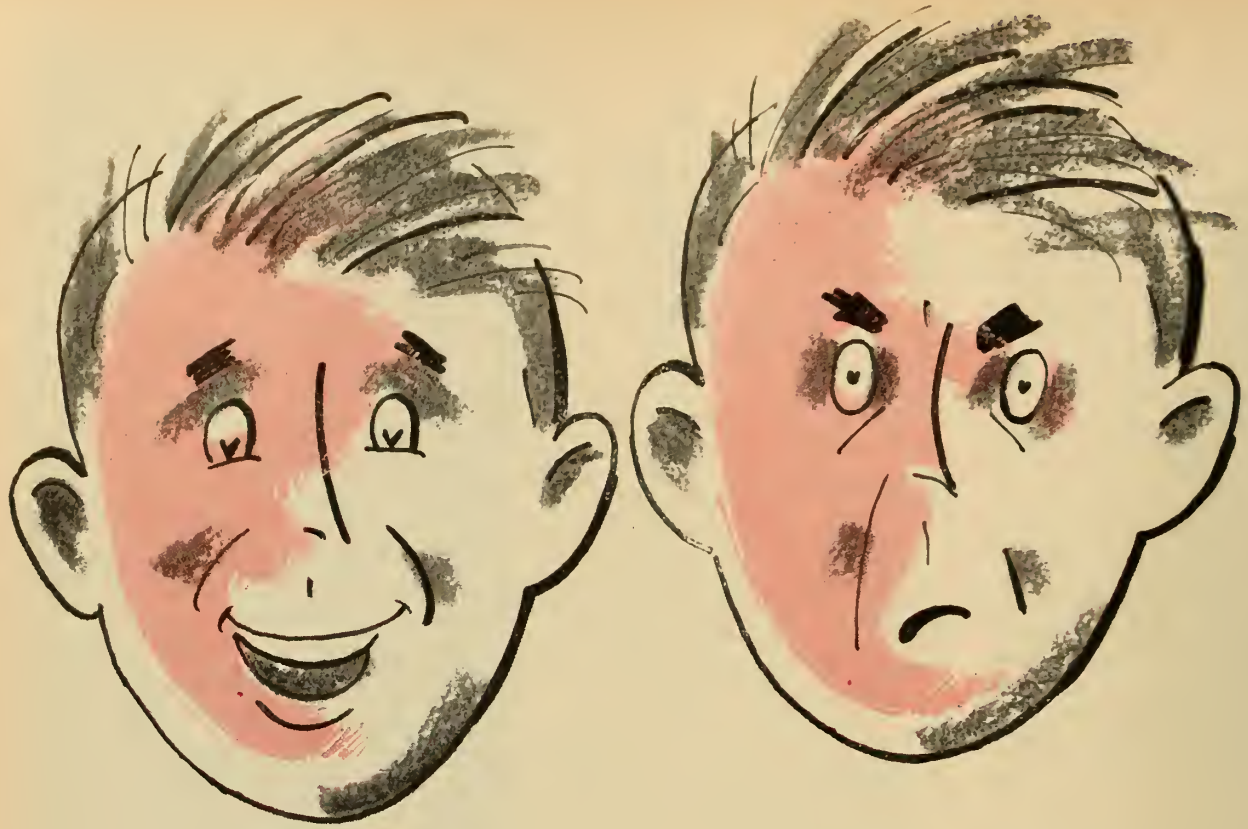
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How Likable Are You?

By DORON K. ANTRIM

HE WAS probably the best-liked personality of his generation. His friends ranged all the way from just plain folks to presidents.

Will Rogers' secret? Just a lot of likable traits. A sister—"the kindest, most unselfish person I ever knew"—inspired him to emulation, he said. Refusing to take on any airs or affectations foreign to his nature, he consistently remained shy, unaffected, ungrammatical, forthright, friendly.

But probably his strongest and most basic trait was that he liked people. All kinds. He had no prejudices; he didn't criticize, condemn, vilify, or willfully hurt anybody. He felt neither superior nor inferior to anyone. Will simply followed the

psychological law: like begets like. A psychology professor found that students who liked the greatest number of their classmates were in turn liked by the greatest number.

To be liked has never been more important than it is today. It's necessary to a satisfactory relationship with others. It's a hinge of happiness. It's the key to social popularity. It helps one advance on the job. Purdue University found that engineering students who had the most likable traits later made the highest incomes.

Although people desire it, too often they assume that likability is something you have or don't have, not something you can achieve. They seldom know why they are disliked unless told or given tests.

Witness the small-town youth who entered a Midwestern college. Few students liked him. He had little respect for the opinions and feelings of others. Arrogant, superior in his attitude, he was bossy and wanted to run things.

Asked by his counselor to think of a person he liked very much, he came up with a friend of the family, affectionately called "Uncle Joe." Why did he like Uncle Joe? Because, he concluded, Uncle Joe was always kind, always willing to help.

"That's your cue," explained the counselor. "People are liked because they exhibit likable traits. They are disliked because of unlikable traits. Instead of making yourself feel important, go out and offer to help

student groups working on worthy projects. Ask the advice of those with whom you work. Never offer it unless asked. And never try to run the show."

He had his setbacks but he kept trying. By listening attentively, he learned respect for the opinions of others. He curbed his own critical and intolerant impulses. He tried to make others feel important. In the process, he completely changed his personality and, on graduation, was voted the "student most likely to succeed."

Dr. James D. Weinland, New York University psychology professor, reports, "Few of us have a complete and natural endowment of likable traits. We have to work on our weak links. But the rewards of achieving a likable personality are worth all the effort."

Of chief importance is development of a *You* attitude, as opposed to an *I* attitude, according to Harold P. Zelko of Pennsylvania State University, who teaches students how to be better liked by becoming good listeners. A person with the *You* attitude develops a concern for others, thinks of ways to please. In conversation, he gives the other fellow his listening.

The enemies constantly at war with *You* mindedness are intolerance, self-centeredness, and superiority. But if you have respect for other people's beliefs and opinions, if you can make people feel that you're genuinely interested in them, if you are thoughtful, kind, and helpful, you'll never want for friends.

One teen-age girl from a prosperous home was being taken to a party in a poor district of Chicago. The pretty, new dress she was wearing added to the excitement. Came a troublesome thought: the other girls were not likely to have new dresses! Should she be wearing hers? Clutching the arm of her father, she said, "I'm sorry, Father, but we must go back home. I have to change my dress." Early in life, Jane Addams of Chicago's famed Hull House was mindful of the feelings of others. She became one of the best-liked women of her day.

Likability has its price tag. It can't be attained by mere resolution, said the famed English novelist, Arnold Bennett, author of *How to*

Live on 24 Hours a Day (Doubleday, \$1.95). It entails daily practice.

Through practice, Bennett made thoughtfulness and consideration of people a habit. As a result, his friends were legion. Men tipped their hats to him on the street. Women got on the wrong bus just to ride with him. Comparing him to contemporary writers in England, Somerset Maug-

ham gave Bennett the palm for character.

Character is a person's most prized possession. It is built by practicing the likable traits. Chief among them, according to psychologists are: cheerfulness, thoughtfulness, tolerance, sincerity, sympathy, kindness, unselfishness, humility, gratitude. How many of them do you have? □

NOW RATE YOURSELF . . .

Give yourself five points for each "yes" and a zero for each "no" on the first 10 questions.

1. Do you enjoy meeting people? _____
2. When listening to views not your own do you respectfully entertain what is said? _____
3. Do you look for opportunities to praise people? _____
4. Do you give gifts frequently (value unimportant)? _____
5. Do you refrain from repeating gossip? _____
6. Are you quick to say, "I'm sorry," when you hurt someone? _____
7. Is it difficult to name five persons with whom you can't get along or cordially dislike? _____
8. When someone makes a *faux pas*, do you try to save him embarrassment? _____
9. Do you enjoy entertainment as much when you pay the bill as when others do? _____
10. When an opponent in a game outsmarts you with a brilliant play, are you quick to congratulate him? _____

Give yourself five points for each "always," three for each "usually no," and a zero for "never" on the second 10 questions.

1. Do you keep your word? _____
2. Tired and out of sorts, would you disregard your feelings to call on a sick friend? _____
3. When weather spoils your plans, do you avoid grouching about it? _____
4. Are you prompt in keeping appointments? _____
5. Do you refrain from telling stories that will embarrass others? _____
6. Do you give in gracefully in letting others have their way? _____
7. Do you sidestep an argument? _____
8. Do you check impulses to show off how much you know? _____
9. Do you shy from criticizing an associate, friend, or member of the family in the presence of others? _____
10. When your temper flares, do you refrain from saying things to hurt the other person? _____

Total _____

If you grade 80 or better, you're tops as a likable person. From 70 to 80 is a very good grade; 60 to 70 is considered good; 50 to 60 is fair; while below 50 points is poor.



Letters

Up-to-Date on AMU

LESTER R. ANSPACH
Thornville, Ohio

I want to congratulate TOGETHER on the fine color pictorials appearing each month. I was especially impressed with the spread on Alaska Methodist University in the April issue [10 Years—And Still Growing, page 76].

Our church is among the many supporting this fine institution through Advance Specials. These articles keep us informed on what our personalized giving is doing. This article also reminded me of the leadership of Gordon Gould in development of AMU. Thanks for bringing us up-to-date.

Members Need Evangelism

PAUL E. FALEN
Fairless Hills, Pa.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy's article *Evangelism* [April, page 50] is wonderful. I hope it will result in action by our church in this field.

The bishop mentioned five propositions for us to consider in doing for our generation what John Wesley did for his. I would like to see his No. 4 proposal [We must have a vigorous, continuous program of evangelism for church members.] receive the most emphasis. It is my deepest conviction that before The Methodist Church can be a really effective witness anywhere in the world, it needs a vigorous, continuous program of evangelism for its own members.

The bishop says rightly that it is the laity that is the church in the world and that the real work of the church is done outside its buildings.

New Wine; Same Old Skin

JAMES CRANE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Perhaps Bishop Kennedy's very involvement with the structure of the church blinds him to the need for innovation. He calls for new wine but does not want the good old familiar wineskin tampered with in any significant way.

A church as large, powerful, and rich as ours cannot afford not to experiment. We are in great danger of becoming God's own dinosaur, immobilized by the sheer weight of our past success. We should have a large budget

for research (lest we call it evangelism and slip into habitual patterns of thought).

Why not finance experimental units intent on finding new church forms, new ways of speaking to the world? Must we go on endlessly repeating ourselves to an audience that is increasingly only ourselves?

I am not sure that it is not already too late. My experience leads me to believe that the church establishment is more concerned with producing Pabulum for the faithful than bread for the world.

The problem of the church is not only how to make new Christians but how to make Christians new. It will take a mighty act of the Holy Spirit to awaken the Methodist majority to the suffering and the opportunity of a world in ferment. I am grateful that TOGETHER is making a small effort in this direction.

Take care! If you offend many of the sleepers, your circulation will fall, and there is nothing so repugnant in the eyes of the Lord as a deficit. Then back we will all go to Pabulum, and into the wastebasket with you!

God Also Calls Women

MARJORIE WILLIAMS
East Hartford, Conn.

I must take exception to the letter of the Rev. Paul R. Woudenberg in the April issue. [See *Central Factor Missed*, page 68.]

I heartily agree that we need more good men in the ministry, but God also calls women to preach and to serve. Mr. Woudenberg's suggestion of removing women from youth leadership would not insure more good men in those same positions. There is great need for men and women "who are strong, noble, and good."

Metamorphosis Watched

HARRY C. KIELY, Pastor
Brightwood Park Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

I have been watching the metamorphosis of TOGETHER and have been delighted with the direction in which you are moving.

So many letters in the April issue were full of criticism for this change that I find myself both encouraged and uneasy over such comments. The en-

couragement comes because these letters may be definite signs that TOGETHER is becoming a more faithful servant of the church. The uneasiness arises out of the fear that the letters may deter you in your attempt to be relevant.

I want to encourage you not to seek a safe course in the middle of the road nor to attempt to please any person or any faction but, in so far as your faith empowers you, to seek to please Jesus Christ. By doing so, you can be of inestimable value in helping the rest of us to do the same.

'A Voice in Methodism'

WILFRED BAILEY, Pastor
Casa View Methodist Church
Dallas, Texas

It was last August that I realized TOGETHER had begun to take much more of my reading time than before. Now we are spreading the word throughout the congregation to those who had viewed the magazine previously as one with "some very pretty pictures" that it is becoming a voice in Methodism.

You certainly have my support and I hope many more readers. You have given concrete expression to my belief that for you to be a family magazine does not require you to be superficial and irrelevant.

We Know the Way

HARRY DENMAN
Methodist Board of Evangelism
Nashville, Tenn.

I do not wish to qualify as one of *The 'Blunt Instrument' People*, but I wish to call attention to a sentence in the last paragraph of that April Viewpoint on page 13:

"These times are not easy, and the way for Christians is both hard to find and hard to follow." Is it?

Jesus went up against racial and class prejudice, self-righteousness, selfishness, materialism in the Temple, complacency, and neglect of the poor. He knew what to do—and we know. We know and we do not follow because it means crucifixion.

The death of self brings life to many.

She Appreciates Art

MRS. KATHLEEN W. KING
Sweetwater, Texas

I just have to say thanks for the inspiring magazine we receive through our Methodist church. I hold a master's degree in art education and have taught junior-high students for many years. I have never seen a better "family" publication with so much artistic quality.

I do so wish that the paintings you reproduce could be printed so that each picture could be saved for mounting. As they are now printed on both sides, we lose many by cutting others out to

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mount. At Christmas I had to ask many subscribers for their copies of *TOGETHER* before I found three who would part with that number so that I could mount the full series for my classroom.

Rembrandt Still Appeals

MRS. JOHN LOFTIN
Aransas Pass, Texas

Although Rembrandt died almost 300 years ago, his interpretation of Saint Paul [April, page 42] has its appeal to one of my generation. Certainly it should not repel youth as many of the recent pictures of Bible characters do.

Along with this mellow picture of Paul, the articles *Paul—The Great Missionary* [page 34] and *Paul—The Man* [page 43] in the April issue were wonderfully informative.

Also, Webb Garrison's *How to Listen to a Sermon* [page 47] should be read and reread. I regret not having had it 40 years ago. It is great.

Count me as one of the thousands of *TOGETHER* fans. I am sorry that all the best adjectives to describe it already have been used many, many times.

Thrilled by Paul's Travels

MRS. LUCY B. WALKER
Joplin, Mo.

I have been shocked and distressed by some of the pictures called art in recent *TOGETHER* issues, but I am so happy since the April number arrived. How I enjoy the good articles, especially the one about Paul's travels and the picture of him by Rembrandt. There is so much expression and concern pictured there. Those who know of Paul's labors from the Bible cannot help being thrilled.

Methodist View Misrepresented

H. H. LIPPINCOTT, Chaplain
U.S. Navy (Ret.)
Morristown, N.J.

In the May issue of *TOGETHER*, Bishop Nall says an amazing thing: "The church has blessed many wars, and called them 'just.' The church seems to have been wrong." [See *Your Faith and Your Church*, page 49.]

The implications of this statement are brutal and cruel for the soldier. If all wars are wrong, then soldiers are wrongdoers, instruments of wickedness, betrayers of Christianity.

When a soldier in Viet Nam reads Bishop Nall's pontification, what can he think about a church that permits a government to compel men to do wicked things? What can a chaplain do when a conscientious soldier in the midst of war brings him a church paper implying that all soldiers are iniquitous and evil men?

Surely this is a misrepresentation of the conviction of The Methodist Church. If it is true, Methodism is staging a monstrous deception in sponsoring

hundreds of chaplains in the military services.

When people get tangled up in their one-man ideas, the ghost of John Wesley rises to say what he said to the preachers in his day when a few of them were fanatical for set ideas: "I beseech ye brethren by . . . the mercies of Christ that you consider the possibility that you may be mistaken."

The soldiers in Viet Nam need church help, not church crucifixion.

Lesson From a Three-Year-Old

MRS. RICHARD E. SHIPWAY
Endicott, N.Y.

I learned a lesson from my three-year-old daughter when we began to look at the March issue of *TOGETHER*. The first thing we saw inside the cover was the picture of our Methodist bishops. [See *These Are Your Bishops*, page 3.]

"That looks like a Negro one," my child declared immediately. My hackles rose! I am an ardent believer in racial equality, and I have tried hard to expose my children to people different from ourselves in casual situations, hoping that someday, in their wealth of exposure, they would wonder what all the shouting is about.

But my speechlessness lasted long enough for her to go on, "And that one, too, and that one. And that man has glasses, and that one doesn't, and there's one that doesn't have on a black suit like the rest." And on she went, pointing out more glasses, bald heads, and other characteristics.

The truth is, the first thing to meet my eye, too, had been the scattering

of darker faces in the sea of lighter ones. The difference was that to me it was an observation mentally shoved aside, a condition I refused to acknowledge. But to her, it was just another distinguishing characteristic, like glasses and clothing and bald heads.

I had succeeded better in my lessons than I had known. And I very much needed a lesson or two myself.

National Council Article Timely

MRS. F. V. BLAND
Garden Grove, Calif.

Louis Cassels' timely article on the National Council of Churches, which is under serious attack here in Orange County, is clear, concise, and understandable. [See *Controversial Council*, May, page 28.]

Our loyal church members are being flooded with material against the National Council. These charges are so ridiculous and untrue one wonders how they can be believed. I trust readers of *TOGETHER* will avail themselves of the free publications offered by the National Council in your list on page 29.

Patience for Liturgists

THOMAS D. WALKER, Minister
Ocean City, N.J.

Regarding William F. Dunkle's *Worship* [May, page 44]: We must be patient with the enthusiasts for increased liturgical practices in the worship of God. As astrology provides the background for astronomy, alchemy for chemistry, and mythology for religion, so our forms of Christian worship are tintured with the pagan desires for

Portrayals of Christ Compared

MRS. DORIS FRENCK
Wauwatosa, Wis.

I enclose a picture clipped from a recent issue of *Interchurch News*, published by the National Council of Churches. Please compare this beautiful wood carving by Michelangelo with the



Christ . . . by Michelangelo.



Christ . . . by Nagler.

weak-looking Christ painted by Fred Nagler on *TOGETHER*'s April cover.

Thank you also for showing Rembrandt's *The Apostle Paul* in the April issue. It restored my faith in the magazine which had been shaken by such so-called art as *Old Testament Men of God* [February, page 35].

altars, candles, and pageantry.

Truly John Wesley was a High Churchman, but he found by experience, his own and others', that there was need for the fellowship provided in the class meeting before the corporate worship of God could have beneficial meaning collectively and individually.

We who feel the need of fellowship provided in small groups and appreciate some form of social worship can be patient with liturgical enthusiasts.

Grandfathers Shouldn't Smoke

CLARA M. KELLY

Wichita, Kans.

In your May issue on page 22, I noticed an article called *Morning's at Seven* by Edwin P. Hicks. This story tells of a little boy and his grandfather, an amiable fellow and an indulgently affectionate ancestor, and supposedly a good Christian. But in the illustration and the article he is shown smoking a pipe. I think this is a poor example to set before our young people and should not be printed in a church paper.

Could not this piece have been printed without showing one of the principal characters smoking? It would look much more Christian to me.

May Issue Excellent

RALPH W. MUECKENHEIM, *Pastor*
Island Park Methodist Church
Island Park, N.Y.

The May issue is most excellent. You covered homosexuality, civil rights, the city, the campus, the free-speech movement, the mentally ill, how to be inept in the pulpit, the National Council of Churches.

Your reporters showed real understanding in every instance. I like the new look of *TOGETHER*.

But He Was Shocked

JULIAN F. CANNON
Chevy Chase, Md.

In regard to the article dealing with homosexuality [*Engaging the City—With Love*, May, page 14], I must say that I was deeply shocked not only to find such an article in a so-called family magazine but also at the slanted treatment of the subject. I do not want any future issues of *TOGETHER* to come into my house. Kindly cancel my subscription at once.

Pleased by Police Vigilance

MRS. HUGH R. GRIFFIN
Collins, Ohio

Several disquieting thoughts came to mind as I read Carol D. Muller's article *Engaging the City—With Love*. Learning that a group of Protestant ministers had helped to sponsor a ball for San Francisco homosexuals, I wondered a bit at their daring. My question is:

When does daring cease to be courage and become foolhardiness?

I believe the Glide Urban Center has demonstrated an answer to my question, especially when they so vigorously protested, backed by the American Civil Liberties Union, the police raid on the ball, terming it harassment.

I for one was pleased to note that the police were so vigilant. It is comforting to know that the police were realistic and had not let themselves be brainwashed into abandoning the security of the community as a whole.

Let's not exchange common sense for chaos.

A Parallel Problem

GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Chaplain*
Oregon State Hospital
Salem, Oreg.

Your bold entrance into the hush-hush field of homosexuality in the article on the Glide Urban Center is a step in the right direction. Bringing such a subject out into the open in a church publication might be compared to similar beginnings in the field of alcoholism about 25 years ago.

Then, that subject was taboo; jokes and derision covered embarrassment, and misunderstanding was common. The great strides made in public understanding of the problem of alcoholism, and the church's responsibility thereto, bid well for similar progress regarding the homosexual problem.

Methodist-EUB Union Planned

RAYMOND B. HORAN, *Pastor*
First E.U.B. Church
Wayland, N.Y.

I have just read *Proposed Methodist-EUB Union: A Progress Report* [May, page 3]. I want to commend you on this objective presentation of the progress made thus far in the conversations between our churches.

In our community, we are using your article, along with similar ones, to inform our two congregations concerning the historical, theological, and pragmatic reasons for union. We hope to consummate a union of our local congregations shortly.

Thanks to Fiasco, No Fiasco

CHESTER WIRTZ, *Secretary*
Methodist Men
Mills River Methodist Church
Horse Shoe, N.C.

We thought you would like to know that the Methodist Men of our church used your article *Pancake Fiasco* [April, page 32], as a guide on how not to do it, and our pancake supper was a rousing success.

The pancake flour, donated by a member, was on hand two weeks before the date. The sausage, ordered two weeks early, was delivered the night before. The coffee arrived at three in

the afternoon, and by that time the tables were set.

At 4:30, Dwight Ludwig (it was his idea, so we elected him chairman) made a trial run of cakes on the huge griddle for the kitchen crew and got the gas flame adjusted. At 4:45, the MYF arrived to wait tables; at three minutes of five, with customers lining up, Dwight poured the first dozen cakes; and at 5 sharp, he yelled, "Come and get 'em while they're hot."

We must give some credit to the ladies who, of their own free will, offered help on dishwashing, mixing batter, and shaping sausage patties.

He Liked the Combination

C. R. WAGNER, *Minister*
Claremont, Calif.

Life's a rich mixture indeed.

The Greatest Story Ever Told . . . calls for criticism such as you printed in the May issue of *TOGETHER*—one critique from the historically minded, microscopic theologian, Dr. F. Thomas Trotter [see *The Greatest Story Ever Told . . .* page 39] and the other from the genius-laden pulpit master, Bishop Gerald Kennedy [see *Browsing in Fiction*, page 57]. Thank you for the combination.

Fosters: Richly Deserving

CLARENCE F. AVEY, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Westfield, Mass.

Congratulations on the excellent article about the Frank Fosters of Bernardston, Mass. [See *Meet the Fosters!* May, page 59.]

This family was chosen district family of the year during my superintendency of the Springfield District. They richly deserved that distinction, as well as the fine article in *TOGETHER*.

Enigma of Anti-Catholicism

HERBERT S. SOUTHGATE
Protestants and Other Americans
United for Separation of Church
and State
Washington, D.C.

Thank you for publishing *Right Reasons for Opposing Public Funds for Parochial Schools* by the Rev. Dean M. Kelley [April, page 14]. This is a splendid analysis of the problem posed by the demand for public tax money for parochial schools.

The enigma Mr. Kelley raises is that of anti-Catholicism. The only alternative to this is to grant full tax support of parochial schools, the very thing he opposes. Father William E. McManus, head of the department of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, as far back as 1947 stated frankly before a congressional committee that full subsidy is the Catholic goal. This was followed in 1948 by a

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statement to the same effect by the Roman Catholic bishops.

As far as the Catholic hierarchy is concerned, anybody or anything that opposes their demands is anti-Catholic. Mr. Kelley, by his statement that "no man should be taxed to support any religion—even his own" is anti-Catholic, by Roman Catholic definition, because he is taking a stand diametrically opposed to that of the Catholic bishops.

Mr. Kelley fails to distinguish between those who are truly anti-Catholic, and those who like POAU have been tagged so after much experience in resisting Roman Catholic demands.

Council's View Not His

ROBERT D. ARMSTRONG
Monmouth, Ill.

Dean M. Kelley's article was a thorough and enlightening discussion. However, unwittingly, he also listed the strongest reason advanced by those who oppose any increased federal aid to elementary and secondary education: that schools always and inescapably become subject to the controls that accompany tax funds. This is true whether the tax funds are local, state, or federal.

I have wondered by what authority the National Council of Churches supports federal aid to education. I cannot see that the council can, by any stretch of the imagination, speak for millions of Protestants whose views it has not sought. It seems, rather, to try to influence their views in many matters.

One Towering Argument

RICHARD L. BECKER
Coffeyville, Kans.

Dean M. Kelley's article ably sets out reasons why public funds should not, directly or indirectly, support parochial schools. I heartily concur in all that he stated. It applies with equal strength to tax support by the state or federal government.

I deeply regret, however, that the National Council of Churches favors federal aid to education. Although there are other sound reasons for opposing federal aid, it is the inevitable control from the central federal bureau that towers over all other arguments.

I am very much aware of the wide discrepancies in per pupil *ad valorem* tax resources of school districts. However, I am convinced that each state, with the possible exception of Alaska, which is made up primarily of federally owned property, has the resources to support adequate school systems. In my 14 years as a member of the Kansas legislature, including four as chairman of the senate education committee, I consistently supported and urged greater support to our school districts from state tax funds, other than property taxes.

Controls Accompany Funds

MRS. DORVAN MORRIS
Tucson, Ariz.

I read with appreciation Dean M. Kelley's article *Right Reasons for Opposing Public Funds for Parochial Schools*. The reasons are the first ones I have read which I did not think were tainted with anti-Catholicism.

However, one of the reasons why the independent school should be independent is that when it is able to rely on tax funds, it becomes "subject to the controls that always and inescapably accompany tax funds." This matter of control is the main argument I have heard for opposing federal aid to public elementary and secondary education. Yet, Mr. Kelley says that the National Council of Churches favors federal aid to education. Would this mean that the National Council would find some federal control of our public schools acceptable?

Article Well Received

JACK REED
Tupelo, Miss.

I thought your article *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner* [April, page 3] was excellent and objective, and I want to compliment you on the accuracy of your reporting. I used the article as a Sunday-school lesson in our church, and it was well received.

'True and Accurate Picture'

EMILIE MOORE, Director
Wesley Foundation
Mississippi State College for Women
Columbus, Miss.

May I commend you for *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner*. One has only to read this article to get a true and accurate picture of The Methodist Church in Mississippi. It is indeed encouraging to see all the facts printed for a change. To me, it is an indication that we do still minister through love.

Mississippi Report Accurate

FRANK E. SMITH
Knoxville, Tenn.

I found the report on Methodism in Mississippi very accurate. I hope the optimistic note of the report will be borne out in the months ahead. There is still a depressing number of Methodists in Mississippi who are unwilling to accept the Christian concept of brotherhood. I hope that the church can be more successful in the future in explaining this essential part of Christian doctrine.

The one omission in the article that I think important is the outstanding role played by the *Mississippi Methodist Advocate* in resisting organized intimidation of the church.

Mr. Smith is well acquainted with

the Mississippi situation, having served 12 years as a congressman from that state. He lost the office in 1962 when he tried, in his words, "to make some genuine contribution to the gradual elimination of [racial] discrimination." His autobiography Congressman from Mississippi was reviewed last January [page 55].—Eds.

Not for Satirizing

MRS. HORACE HAGERTY
Thermal, Calif.

I enjoy good, pointed humor, and it certainly has its place. But it seems to me that there are some things you do not write satires about or handle foolishly.

These, of course, include the name of the Lord, his Word, his church, and even his ministers, even though some of them may be heretics and unworthy.

I thought the article *How to Succeed in the Pulpit* [May, page 24] from Charles Merrill Smith's book was out of place and really sacrilegious. Also the picture illustrating it.

Needed: Spiritual Antidote

DWIGHT H. McMAHON, Pastor
Bucksport Methodist Circuit
Bucksport, Maine

Some television programs based on satire at least have the grace to ridicule themselves occasionally. I would respect Charles Merrill Smith, author of *How to Succeed in the Pulpit*, if he would turn his satire upon his own brainchild. How about the following foreword:

"Caution: The contents of this article are designed to induce a stimulating feeling only in those persons with thick skin. Rub contents lightly on sense of humor. If reader foolishly swallows even a small dose, he should call at once on his most trusted spiritual advisor for an antidote to prevent or arrest slow spiritual death.

"Caution: Any satire, mistaken as a sneer at honest effort, can be deadly."

Faith in Ministers Shaken?

MR. and MRS. C. A. GOODRICH
Gibson City, Ill.

We are troubled by the article *How to Succeed in the Pulpit* by Charles Merrill Smith. We know it is satire, but, frankly, we cannot see any good in publishing it in *TOGETHER*. It can be the cause of many losing faith in those who are trying to serve God through the ministry.

If he were our pastor, we would wonder when he spoke of "the kingdom of God" or "righteousness" or any of the other phrases in his lexicon of "graded" words. We could not help thinking he used the phrase just to fill out his sermon or to make his listeners think him a "righteous" person.

Voice of Laity Ignored

HARRY M. STRAINE, JR.
Sacramento, Calif.

By innuendo, Charles Merrill Smith supports the point that only the liberal preacher who is out on some crusade every Sunday is really worth his salt in the pulpit. What he fails to say is that seldom, if ever, does the preacher-turned-politician solicit the views of his laity before he takes a positive stand on a political (there is always a moral involved) problem. When he does consult with a knowledgeable person who might disagree with his point of view, the final result is as though that person had not spoken.

Unfortunately, the name of the church often is committed when the preacher-politician takes his one-sided stand, and the net result is not representative of the Christian laity.

2 Years, Not 10

DONALD S. BOWMAN, Pastor
The Methodist Church
Flora, Ind.

Thanks for the excellent article *Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Witness to Christ* [April, page 27].

I always have felt a special rapport with his writings, especially the *Letters*

CAMERA CLIQUE

When to Shoot? When is it too dark to shoot color? Normally, the answer is: When the camera cannot be held steady for the lengthy exposure needed. But what do you do after it gets darker?

Note our picture on page 37—it was made when the meter said a hand-held exposure was impossible. The answer was a slow shutter and a tripod. With a tripod, you can extend your shooting day into evening. Our photographer prepared for the showboat scene that way and when ready for the first exposure checked his light meter for a reading. Each new exposure was made at a slight increase in lens opening and decrease in shutter speed: he cut the shutter from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ second, then opened the aperture a half-stop at a time.

When he was finished, he had 12 uniformly exposed transparencies even though the light had been fading steadily. Since he used day-light High-Speed Ektachrome, the sky became bluer, the lights slightly more reddish and yellowish.

Next time try for a steady camera position for twilight shooting or, if you can use a tripod, use it to extend your color-shooting day beyond sunset.

PICTURE CREDITS

Cover—Esther Heacock • Page 3—Bob and Ira Spring • 7—Pervin & Associates • 12-64 L.—RNS • 17-18—Carol M. Doig • 23—Newman Cryer • 33—The Bettmann Archive • 44-45-46—Dow and Lois Robinson • 55—Chicago Tribune • 57—Miss Alix Jeffry • 64 R.—Midtown Galleries, New York City • 72-Third Cover Top R.—Mildred Thomas • Third Cover Top L.—Bot.—Norman Thomas • Second Cover—Page 1-29-30-31-32-33-36-37-38-49-52 Top-70—George P. Miller.

and *Papers From Prison*, since I was a prisoner of war, imprisoned not far from him.

One minor error: on page 28, you say that Bonhoeffer spent 10 years in nazi prisons. If my information is correct, he was arrested April 5, 1943, and was executed April 9, 1945.

What Other Sources?

DONALD L. FLYNN, Min. of Edn.
Grace Methodist Church
Coshocton, Ohio

Your April news article on the Board of Missions states: "A record \$29,991,825 for support of Methodist missions programs . . . was appropriated . . ." [See *Missions Board Appropriates \$29.9 Million for 1965-66*, page 11.]

Many sources of information state that the total World Service asking is \$18 million and that the Board of Missions' share is \$9.4 million. I am familiar with sources of missions' funds, but for the benefit of other readers, where does the other \$20.6 come from?

Mostly from the women, bless 'em. Last year the 1,800,000 members of Woman's Societies of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guilds gave almost \$14 million. Other income sources in the last fiscal year were the Advance, \$9.5 million; World Service, \$7.8 million; investments, \$2.4 million; and Alaska Earthquake Appeal, \$800,000. These figures total more than the new 1965-66 appropriation because some Advance funds go to projects chosen by the donors themselves, hence are "conditional" and not subject to specific appropriation by the board. Since, as Reader Flynn points out, World Service askings have been increased, next year's missions income is expected to be even greater—but not enough to make an appreciable change in the average of Methodist giving to missions: about 7¢ per member per week.—EDITORS

Omit the Letters?

RALPH J. BISHOP
Spokane, Wash.


Thank you for the opportunity to read your Viewpoint, *The 'Blunt Instrument' People* [April, page 13]. You have expressed so well that which so many of us feel but are not capable of expressing in words.

I have often thought what a difficult life an editor must follow in his chosen field. And as for us, the reading public, I sometimes think it would be better if all letters to the editor were just omitted. It would soon discourage the pride of satisfaction of seeing one's name in print.

We appreciate Reader Bishop's concern, but as our Viewpoint said, "Editors like to get mail." *TOGETHER* editors are no exceptions.—EDITORS

Deno Tiger Loses His Stripes

By LISA TAYLOR



LITTLE Deno Tiger cub was proud of his beautiful coat. Every single morning he counted his stripes to make sure not one was missing.

Today, as every day, right after breakfast, he ran quickly down to the banks of the Kokomo River near his den to look at himself in the still water. He twisted and turned until he had counted each one of his 17 black stripes on each side of his glossy light orange coat. He was particular about this, because not all tigers have the same number of stripes; and some tigers do not have the same number on both sides.

Satisfied that he had not lost any, he greeted his friend who lived in a tree overhanging the river. This was Ja-Ja, a wise, little rhesus monkey.

"Ja-Ja," Deno said proudly, "I have by far the handsomest stripes of any tiger cub in Bamboo Jungle." Ja-Ja poked his head out from among the leaves and looked disapprovingly at Deno.

"Deno," he scolded, "you should

not brag so much about your handsome stripes. It's all right to be proud of our possessions, but not too proud."

Deno pretended not to hear his friend and continued to look at his reflection in the water.

"You won't grow any more stripes by looking at yourself in the water," said Ja-Ja. "How about taking me for a nice ride on your back."

Deno finally tore himself away and off they went. Deno padded smoothly through the tangled vines by the river with Ja-Ja holding tightly to his back. Every once in a while Deno peeked at his reflection in the water and smiled proudly to himself.

Suddenly he stopped so quickly that Ja-Ja sailed through the air and landed on his head in a clump of jungle grass.

"Look at Gonda Rhino!" shouted Deno. "He has a mud slide." They watched the baby rhinoceros sliding down the grassy bank and landing kerplunk in a big, black mud puddle close to the river.

"Watch me!" shouted Gonda as he started down again. "Cum'on—try it! Whe-e-e-e!" Off he scooted down the slope to make a wonderful muddy splash.

"Oh, Ja-Ja," said Deno, "that looks like real fun. Let's slide." He bounded over to join the little rhino.

"Not I," said Ja-Ja, picking himself up and rubbing the top of his bumped head. He scampered up the nearest coconut tree for a bit of lunch.

After a while Deno and the baby rhino became tired of their game. Gonda said good-bye and swam off in the river toward home. Deno slid

"Ja-Ja," Deno said proudly, "I have by far the handsomest stripes of any tiger cub in Bamboo Jungle."

once more with a lovely swish, and then looked about for his friend.

Ja-Ja had just climbed down the tree and was cleaning the coconut pieces off himself. When he looked up at Deno he gave a little start.

"My goodness, Deno!" he exclaimed. "What has happened to your stripes? You are black all over, just like Gonda."

Deno ran to the river and looked at himself in the still water. He turned and twisted, but could not find a single stripe.

Two big tears rolled down his once proud nose and fell into the river with a tiny splash. Poor Deno. This morning he had been a handsome tiger with 17 handsome black stripes on his rich, light orange coat. Now he was just a little black cat with no stripes at all.

"Don't cry, Deno," Ja-Ja consoled. "I'm still your friend. I don't care if you have stripes or not." But Ja-Ja's kind words did not satisfy Deno.

"I must hide," he wailed. "I can't be seen without my beautiful stripes. Everyone will laugh."

He stumbled off into the thickest, darkest part of Bamboo Jungle, crouched down among the tall reeds, and pulled the tangled vines about him. He hoped no one would ever find him there—he who once had been the proudest tiger cub in the whole jungle. He put his head down on his paws and sobbed.

When he stopped feeling quite so sorry for himself, he began to be lonesome. He thought about his good little friend Ja-Ja, to whom he had not even said good-bye, and he cried again.

"Ja-Ja was right," Deno told himself. "It is not good to be too proud of one's possessions. I was too proud of my stripes, and now I have none at all. It serves me right. I shouldn't have been so silly."

Then and there Deno made a promise. He vowed that if ever he found his stripes again, he would never brag about them, not ever again. He would be proud, but not too proud.

When dawn was breaking, Deno sadly crept out of his hiding place and tiptoed through the jungle to Ja-Ja's tree home close by his own air on the Kokomo River. He knew Ja-Ja would help him look for his stripes. They probably were lost somewhere in the mud puddle.

Deno softly called his little friend and Ja-Ja poked his head out. Just then the sun burst forth among the jungle leaves.

Ja-Ja was so happy upon seeing his friend again that he did a monkey jig in the top of the tree. He jiggety-jigged right out on the end of a long limb hanging over the river. Then he wound his long, skinny tail around the branch and swung upside down,

waving his arms and chattering happily.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Deno. "How funny you are, my dear Ja-Ja. You make me glad, too. I must swing by my tail!" He dug his claws into the trunk and leaped out on the lowest limb.

"No! No! Deno!" shouted Ja-Ja. "Your tail is too short. You'll fall into the river!"

Of course, Ja-Ja's warning came too late. Down went Deno into the river kerplunkity-splash. Ja-Ja hid his eyes. Deno climbed out on the bank spluttering and shaking himself. When Ja-Ja dared look down, his mouth popped open in a big O.

"Deno! Look! Your stripes are back!" Down the tree scampered Ja-Ja, skiddledy-skoot. "You didn't lose them after all. They were hiding underneath the black mud from Gonda Rhino's puddle."

Deno gazed happily around at his sides and back. He was a real tiger again—with 17 gleaming black stripes on his beautiful orange coat. And he was very proud—but not too proud.

"Hop on my back," Deno invited his friend, "and I'll take you for a ride." So away they went for a jaunt—but not by the river this time.

In fact, never again did Deno Tiger sit on the banks of the Kokomo River and count his stripes in the still water.

Car Fun

EVERYONE likes to go on vacation away from home. Sometimes when you are riding in the car, the time seems to drag. A good way to make the miles speed by is to play car games. Try these—they're fun.

BIBLE NAMES

Watch the signs as you ride along for names of persons in the Bible. The player who sees the greatest number of Bible names in a given time wins the game.

For example, you might see such signs as these: Mary and John's Steak House, Aunt Martha's Oatmeal Cookies, Samuel Brown's Clothing Store, The James Hotel. As you know, Mary, John, Martha, Samuel, and James are all Bible names. Remember, you record only Bible names. Others do not count.

—MRS. RHODA D. MILLER

STAMP A WHITE HORSE

NOT many years ago it wasn't hard to find a white horse as you drove through the countryside. But today, you'll be lucky if you see one during a whole trip. The first player to see a white horse wins the game.

When he does see a white horse, he licks his left thumb and presses it into his right palm, then stamps the spot with his left fist.

This game is fun if you substitute other objects for the white horse. The first person to see the number of objects that make up the white horse wins and gets to stamp a white horse.

For example, you might say that 10 white barns equal a white horse. For added fun, you may make the objects even more complicated. For example, you might decide that:

5 red cars=1 red barn

5 red barns=1 white barn

10 white barns=1 white horse.

Or use any other objects you see along the route. Be sure the process gets more and more complicated—you'll be surprised how well you remember what adds up to what. It's a good memory game, and it helps speed the time, too.

—RUTH BARON

Wise Little Ant

I spied a little ant one day

And placed him on my hand.

"How small you are," I said to him.

"You're like a speck of sand."

He looked me up and down, he did,

The way some people do.

"I'm big enough for me," said he,

"As you are big for you."

—FRANCES CARFI MATRANGA



Is thy heart right, as
my heart is with thine?
Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give
thee the right hand
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Greetings

Long before TOGETHER becomes a magazine each month, it is a collection of red, blue, gray, and orange folders—some thick, some thin—each containing things pertinent to a particular article or feature. This month's thickest is for the Powwow, *Making Christian Decisions . . . on the Job* [page 22]. It contains carbon copies of 28 personal letters and notes from 16 long-distance and local telephone calls. It holds several carbon copies of the typewritten, 25-page, single-spaced transcription of some 11,000 words said into a tape recorder by the five panelists at Smithfield Street Methodist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. The folder—four inches thick, weighing almost as many pounds—also contains background clippings, outlines, copies of the final typed and edited version (now down to about 2,500 words), and several sets of printer's proofs. We mention all this in case it is your impression that TOGETHER's Powwows—we've had 107—take place accidentally on a street corner.

Bishop **W. Vernon Middleton** and the Rev. **Donald T. James** of Pittsburgh suggested the panelists. Associate Editor **Newman Cryer** took over from there, with Methodist Information's **Dwight P. Carpenter** of Pittsburgh making local arrangements. Finally, Mr. Cryer flew to Pittsburgh, said a few words into the recorder provided by the Rev. **W. Howard Lenhart** of Pittsburgh's Fawcett Methodist Church, and then took a back seat. For the next two hours, says Mr. Cryer, "things went like clockwork, after which we all went out to eat."



This month's TOGETHER—in the raw.

We enjoyed going through this month's array of folders, but profoundly regret even opening the one for *How Likable Are You?* by **Doron K. Antrim** [page 60]. Therein we found six pages torn from an old issue (no date) of *Listen*, "A Journal of Better Living," placed there no doubt because some of the pages are devoted to an article by Mr. Antrim on the great pianist, **Van Cliburn**. On another page, however, is the beginning of a short story, *The Wallet*, by **Elsie Combs**.

It is a moving story about an alcoholic—broke and desperate after spending \$400 on a drinking spree—who sits down beside a sleeping boy on a train. On the seat beside the boy is "a stained and battered wallet with a picture of Roy Rogers and Trigger tooled into the leather." The man feels that he must have another drink or die. Is there enough money in the small boy's wallet to buy a couple of drinks in the club car?

To quote: "But to take money from a child! To steal at all for that matter; but from a child? He forced his eyes away from the wallet." Finally, the man yields. He slips the wallet into his coat pocket, and walks to the back of the car.

"Luck was with him," the story continues. "No one was in the men's room. Feverishly, he opened the wallet and with trembling fingers . . ."

The story moves on to the next page, no doubt—but there is no next page in the folder. We are sure because we have searched it 76 times already. Was the wallet empty? If not, did the man take the money? Was there, perhaps, a message or a letter which transformed this pitiful drunkard's life?

Can anyone finish this story for us? Do you have a copy? Miss Combs? Are you listening, *Listen*? Can anyone out there help?

Our Cover: The photograph of herring gulls was taken by **Esther Heacock** of Wyncote, Pa., on Mount Desert Island, Maine.—YOUR EDITORS

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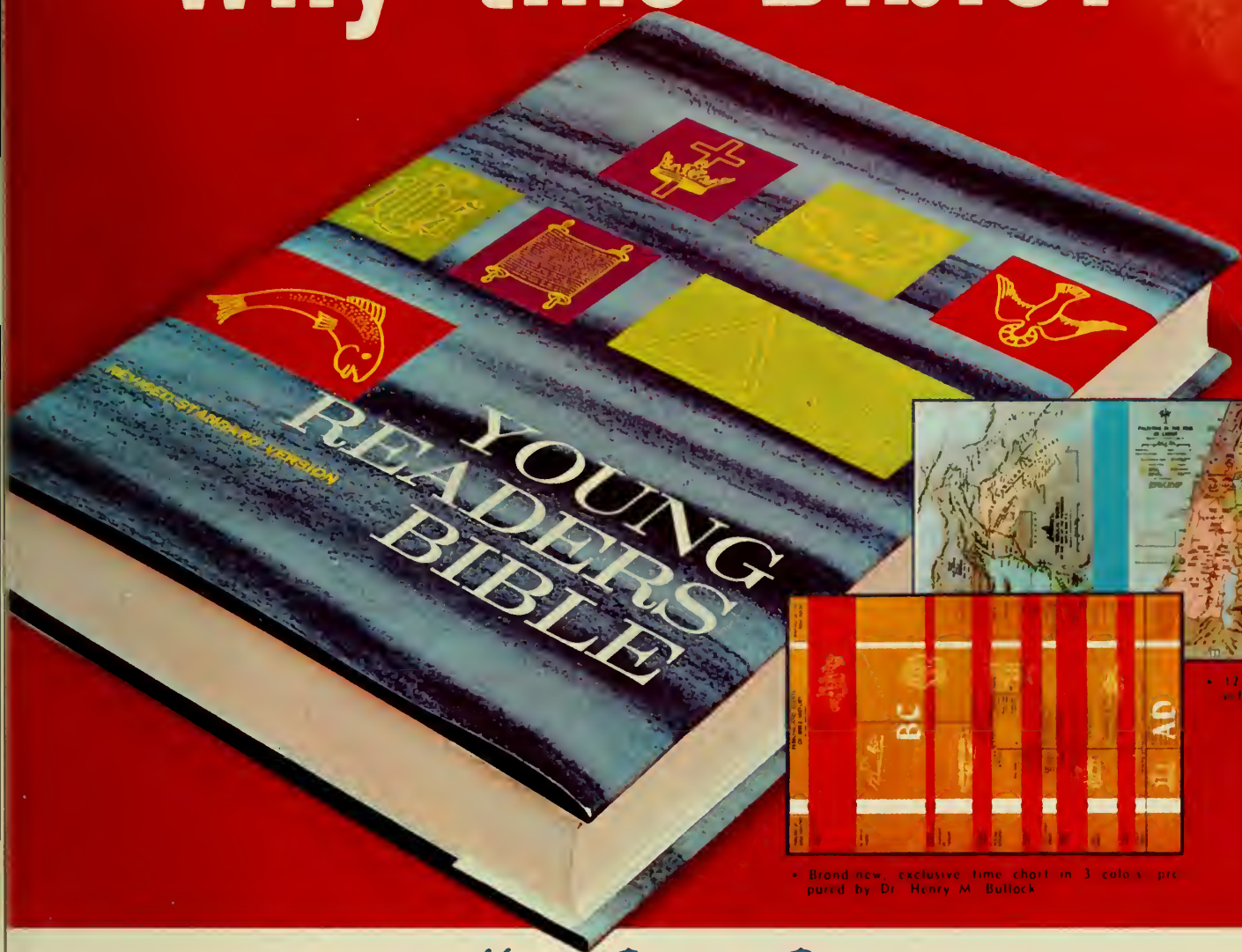
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A missionary family creates...

A Village Full of Love

By MILDRED THOMAS


AT THE END of the long, dusty road from Salisbury, the little African village of Arnoldine in Rhodesia is a cluster of sun-dried brick houses, thatched roofs, and clean-swept dirt yards. A sea of black faces surrounds us, crowding closer and closer, smiling, for each knows I am the mother of the missionary who came here with his family to live among them.

The next morning the people stop to greet me, asking "Have you slept well?" after my long trip from the United States. Each makes a graceful curtsy. Some bear gifts: a bent, elderly woman brings three tiny eggs, and a young mother offers a tin of peanut butter she spent 18 hours preparing. My son, the Rev. Norman E. Thomas, puts aside an MYF handbook he is preparing in the Shona language and goes to inoculate 100 chickens owned by a farmer who came running to tell him: "Five of my pullets are sick!" The ill and injured wait patiently for the kind attention of his wife, Winifred, a registered nurse.

A villager sits by my side and talks to me about Norman. "We have always dreamed that such a one would come," he says. "One who is so strong, and yet so humble." What mother's heart would fail to respond to such praise?

I lived in Arnoldine with Norman, Winifred, and their four children during the summers of 1963 and 1964. As I write this, my husband, the Rev. G. Ernest Thomas, pastor of First Methodist Church, Birmingham, Mich., is completing plans to spend a few weeks there this summer.

This little farming village impressed me as an inspiring example of Methodism at work. One does not lock his doors in Arnoldine, where more than 90 percent of the people are Methodists. Our Methodist faith has been at work here since the first convert in 1899. Despite their poverty, the Shona people live with honesty, dignity, grace, and generosity. On Sunday mornings, they gather for wor-



Blond Mary Thomas began attending classes with other Arnoldine children when she was five. The lessons are in the Shona language—which Mary speaks fluently now. Many of the village classes are held out of doors.

Paul Thomas, eight, romps with Arnoldine friends, and like his sister Mary freely shares any books or toys sent from America. The village children may come and go as they please at the Thomas home.





Little Rhoda proudly carries Bruce Thomas, then 10 months old, on her back. Rhoda's mother works with—not for—the Thomas family. The small group of Arnoldine village children at right with the Rev. Norman E. Thomas are being shown Bible story pictures.



ship in the thatched-roof church—and almost every adult owns a well-worn Shona Testament.

In 1962, when the World Division of the Board of Missions appealed for a missionary couple to make their home among the African Christians of Arnoldine, my son and his family responded. Winnie was there only a few days before the neighbors discovered her talent for diagnosis and nursing. A graduate of Vanderbilt University school of nursing, and a specialist-instructor in obstetrical nursing, Winnie also is a former Miss Student Nurse of Tennessee.

Scores visit Winnie's clinic every day. Not once did I see her falter or complain under the endless demand on her time and strength. "How I love these people!" she would explain. "There is no need to thank me for doing what I find such joy in doing!"

From the first day, Norman and his family identified themselves with the people. Winnie called on the women and asked them to teach her how to cook native foods. They learned to speak the Shona language fluently, as did their children, Paul, Bruce, and Mary. And little Jean, not yet one, may be picking up a few words soon!

Healing, helping, teaching, singing, building, praying—his white minority in a village of 350 is a definite part of the community. Norman and Winifred's missionary work always has emphasized the total welfare of the people. They have drilled a well to provide pure water for the entire village. They have encouraged the raising of rabbits and chickens because more than half the population suffers from lack of protein and the resulting ailments.

As I write this in Birmingham, Mich., letters from Norman and Winnie tell me the latest news about people learned to know and love during my summer visits to Arnoldine. Misunderstanding, hatred, and strife may be weeping an Africa in transition, but I remember a village

full of Christian love, where people of different racial and cultural backgrounds are living together in peace and harmony. Other selfless missionaries in other parts of Africa and other parts of the world also have created these blessed islands of peace.

As a mother and grandmother, I shan't forget the morning I prepared to leave Arnoldine. We shared breakfast with neighbors in a thatched-roof kitchen. My African hostess must have sensed my feelings, for she looked at me kindly and said: "Don't feel sad at leaving your little ones. When you are gone, I will be their grandmother." □



Winifred Thomas, R.N.: "We have lived very simply, and have learned again that joy comes more in what we give than in what we receive, more in what we hold in the heart than what we can hold in the pocket or bank account."

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